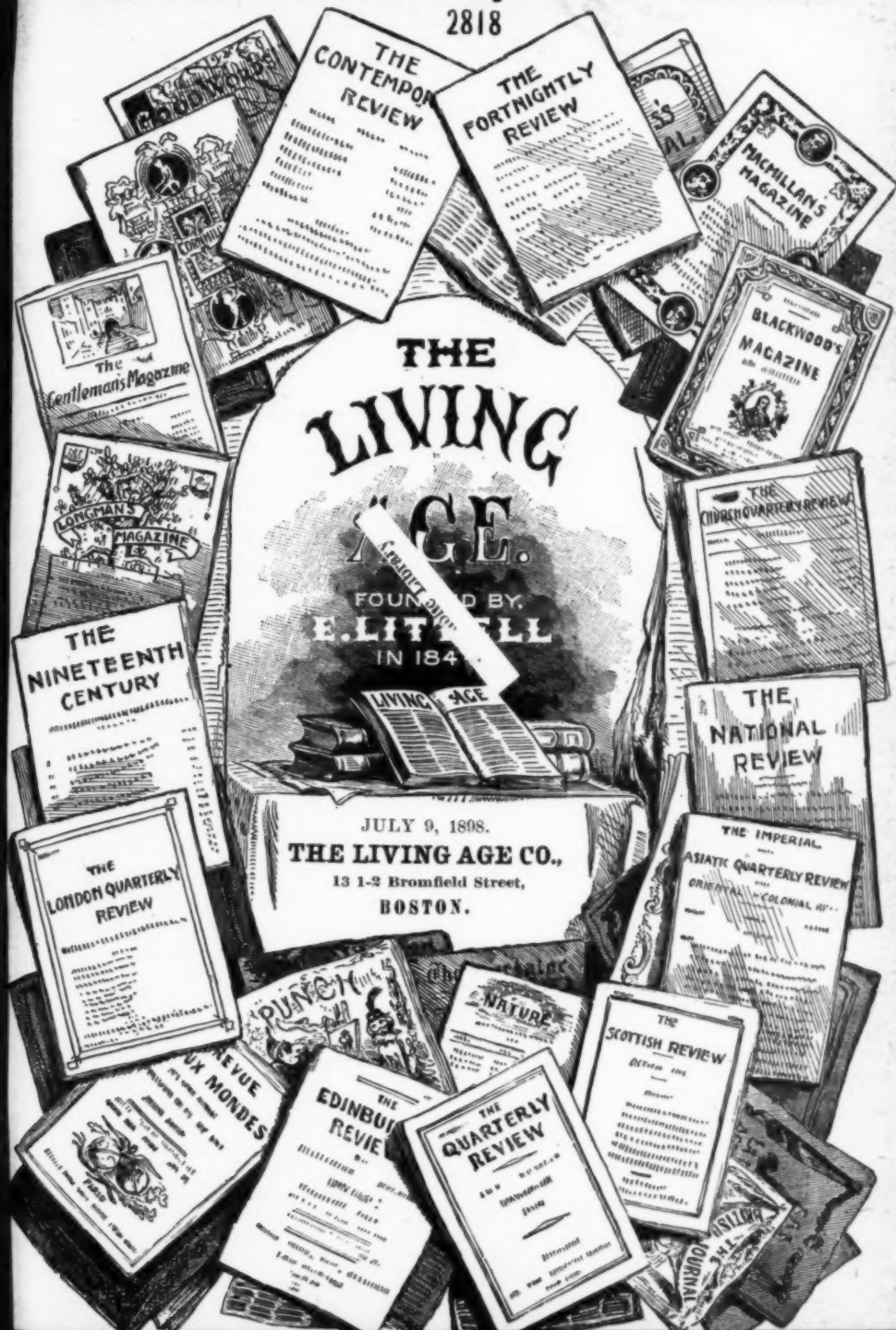


MR. GLADSTONE—By Canon MacColl.

2818



Where are you going to spend your Vacation?

Better decide to take a trip through the far-famed

“LAND OF EVANGELINE” IN NOVA SCOTIA.

THE LAND OF BEAUTIFUL SCENERY, UNBOUNDED HOSPITALITY
AND HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

When Going, Don't Fail to Travel via the

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY LINE.

Magnificent Twin Screw S. S. **“PRINCE EDWARD,”** under the British Flag.
Unexcelled Pullman Dining and Parlor Car Service.

S. S. “Prince Edward” leaves Long Wharf, Boston, for Yarmouth, N. S., on
Wednesday and Sunday at 4.30 p. m. Returning, leaves Yarmouth Monday and
Thursday, p. m.

For all information as to tours, rates, etc., also for beautifully gotten up guide
book, entitled “The Land of Evangeline and Gateways Thither,” write to or call on

J. F. MASTERS, New England Superintendent,

228 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

The Continental Limited

Leaves Boston daily,
except Sunday, at
9.30 a. m. via the

Fitchburg Railroad,

and is due in Chicago
at 2.40 p. m. and St.
Louis at 6.50 p. m.
next day.

**A High Class Train
For High Class Travel.**

J. R. WATSON, Gen. Pass. Agt.
BOSTON, MASS.

Delightful Excursion Trip to PROVINCETOWN.

The Popular Family Excursion

STEAMER LONGFELLOW,

CAPT. JOHN SMITH,

Will leave Commercial Wharf (North Pier) daily
at 9 A.M., Sundays 3.30 A.M. (weather permitting)
for a delightful excursion trip to Provincetown, ar-
riving about 1 P. M., giving passengers going up the
Cape ample time to take the afternoon train up.

Leaves PROVINCETOWN at 2.30 P.M., arrives
at Boston about 6.30 P. M.

Excursion tickets \$1.00. Stop-over tickets good
until Sept. 15, \$1.50.

Dinners and refreshments served on Board. NO
LIQUORS.

ATWOOD & RICH, Agents,

83 Commercial Wharf.

Special Rates for Parties.

WANTED

The following numbers of

THE LIVING AGE:

2362 to 2374 inclusive, also 2642,
2745 and 2755.

On the receipt of any one or
more of these numbers in good
condition, suitable for binding, we
will remit payment at the rate of
15c. each. Address

THE LIVING AGE CO., P. O. Box 5206, Boston.



THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series. }
Volume XIX.

No. 2818—July 9, 1898.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXVIII.

CONTENTS.

I. "SPLENDID ISOLATION" OR WHAT? By Henry M. Stanley,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	67
II. JOHN SPLENDID: THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN. By Neil Munro. Chap- ters XII. and XIII.,		73
III. MR. GLADSTONE. By Canon Malcolm MacColl,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	80
IV. THE MISERY IN ITALY. By René Bazin. Translated for The Living Age, V. OXFORD IN THE 'THIRTIES. By "Nes- tor,"	<i>Les Annales</i> , <i>Speaker</i> ,	89 92
VI. IN ANDALUSIA WITH A BICYCLE. By Joseph Pennell,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	95
VII. PICKWICKIAN BATH. By Percy Fitz- gerald,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> ,	104
VIII. THE GROWERS OF HAALEM: A RO- MANCE OF A FLOWER SHOW. By Katharine S. Macquoid,	<i>Leisure Hour</i> ,	114
IX. AMERICAN SOCIAL FORCES,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	123
X. THE TRADE IN BIRD SKINS. By Jo- seph Collinson,	<i>Saturday Review</i>	125
XI. DR. FELL,	<i>Household Words</i> ,	127

POETRY.

THREE PARABLES,	66	LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP,	66
RACHRAY ISLAND,	66	PUCK LOST AND FOUND,	66

SUPPLEMENT.

READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

ANGLO-SAXON SYMPATHIES AND INTERESTS,	129
ADDITIONS TO THE VOCABULARY,	131
A NOVEL SPECTACLE,	132
TRAMPS AND PUBLICANS IN SWIT- ZERLAND,	133
WHO WILL PAY FOR THE WAR? 135	
MR. BARRIE AND "THE GRANDIS- SIMES,"	136
HULL HOUSE AND CHICAGO POLI- TICS,	138
CLOTHING AND FEEDING THE ARMY	139
SALUTES ON A WAR-SHIP,	140

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THROUGH THE ARCTIC NIGHT. By Lieutenant Robert E. Peary,	141
AT JANEX'S GRAVE. By Mary Harriott Norris,	144
IN MODERN ATHENS. Samuel J. Barrows,	147
ON THE CAPE COD MARSHES. By Annie Eliot Trumbull,	149
BOOKS OF THE MONTH,	152

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

THREE PARABLES.

I was not resolute in heart and will
 To rise up suddenly and seek Thy face,
 Leaving the swine-husks in the desert
 place,
 And crying, "I have sinned, receive me
 still!"

I could not even at the Shepherd's voice
 Startle and thrill, with yearnings for
 the fold,
 Till He should take me in His blessed
 hold,
 And lay me on His shoulder and rejoice.

But lying silent, will-less in the dark,
 A little piece of silver, lost from Thee,
 I only knew Thy hands were seeking
 me,
 And that I bore through all Thy heavenly
 mark.

ELIZABETH WATERHOUSE.

RACHRAY ISLAND.

Och, what was it got me at all that time
 To promise I'd marry a Rachray man?
 An' now he'll not listen to rason or rhyme,
 He strivin' to hurry me all that he can.
 "Come on, an' ye be to come on," says
 he,
 "Ye're bound for the Island, to live
 wi' me."

See Rachray Island beyont in the bay!
 The dear knows what they be doin' out
 there
 But fishin' an' fightin' an' tearin' away,
 An' who's to hindher, an' what do they
 care?
 The goodness can tell what 'ud hap-
 pen to me
 When Rachray 'ud have me, *anee*,
anee!

I might have took Pether from over the
 hill,
 A dacent poacher, the kind, poor boy.
 Could I keep the ould places about me
 still,
 I'd never set foot out o' sweet Ballyvoy.
 My sorra on Rachray, the could sea-
 caves,
 An' black-neck divers, an' weary ould
 waves!

I'll never win back now, whatever may
 fall;
 Oh, give me good luck, for you'll see me
 no more.
 Sure an' Island man is the mischief an'
 all—
 An' me that never was married before!
 Oh, think o' my fate when ye dance
 at a fair:
 In Rachray there's no Christianity
 there!

Spectator.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love and Friendship came this way,
 By our village, t' other day.
 Friendship wore a cloak of gold,
 Rich and full with many a fold;
 Eros had but bow and arrows,
 And he aimed at men and sparrows,
 Ever singing, ever gay.

"Gammer, gammer, answer true,
 Which of us may sup with you?"
 Some chose Love, that laughing fled
 Ere the morning clouds were red,
 While whoso had Friendship bidden
 Oft-times found young Cupid hidden,
 Peeping that same mantle through.
 Athenæum.

BLANCHE LINDSAY.

PUCK LOST AND FOUND.

Puck has fled the haunts of men:
 Ridicule has made him wary;
 In the woods, and down the glen,
 No one meets a fairy!

"Cream!" the greedy goblin cries—
 Empties the deserted dairy—
 Steals the spoons, and off he flies.
 Still we seek our fairy!

Ah! What form is entering?
 Lovelit eyes and laughter airy!
 Is not this a better thing,
 Child, whose visit thus I sing,
 Even than a fairy?

LEWIS CARROLL.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

"SPLENDID ISOLATION" OR WHAT?

The uncovering of the fierce dragon mask of the Chinese Empire by Japan has exposed the trembling and effeminate youth that hid behind it. We all know now that it was only a big voice that kept the white barbarians so long at a respectful distance from the puny Celestial's treasures. In the reaction that has come from the discovery we begin to perceive a great danger to the peace of the world. Great Powers, whose aspirations were until lately vague and ill-formed, have suddenly given them shape, and are on fire to realize them.

Some few weeks ago I was tempted to speak in my constituency on foreign politics, and knowing how anxious people were in regard to them, I spoke about China and West Africa, and concluded my remarks by declaring somewhat imprudently that our "Splendid Isolation" had been proved to be nothing more than "Splendid Dotage."

At the Society of Arts last week I took up the other alternative, and suggested that the time had come for us to respond to gratuitous insolence and unjustifiable provocation with something more than mannerly protests and an ever-forgiving temper. The suggestion was ill received—the speakers who followed denounced it as "aggressive," that I was making too much ado about a "swamp." It has of late become a custom to speak of any African territory that may be in dispute as a swamp. We must not, however, be indifferent to the fact, that in principle an acre of swamp is as important as a realm.

Being permitted by the editor of this Review to give my opinions more at large, the object of this article will be to discuss which of two alternatives we ought to adopt for the preservation of our rights, our dignity and our prestige. If we cling to our isolation, we assume that we are self-sufficient, and there should be no hesitation to prove that we are able to hold our own. But so far, though our rights have been invaded, our dignity questioned and our prestige lowered, we have done nothing to vindicate them; and the mere suggestion that we should demonstrate to those who have offended us that we are well able to do so evoked strong expressions of dissent. I am, therefore, forced to conclude from these that there is a disposition to shirk the obligations imposed upon us by our isolation, and that it is preferable to make no resistance to aggression. As this craven fear of resisting an invader may involve very soon larger and larger surrenders, we must constrain ourselves to examine the second alternative, which is to make an alliance, offensive and defensive, with some Power, or combination of Powers. For, as I understand it, peace is preferable to the expense and the horrors of war, and at the same time we must have security for our rights and liberty to trade in all countries; but to my mind it does not seem possible that peace with security could be enjoyed without joining either the Dual or the Triple Alliance.

The murmurs at the Society of Arts confirmed me in my suspicion that the "splendid isolation" was a gaudy air-bladder, and as it is liable to be pricked at any moment by a French sword, and our people do not want to fight, why should we cling to the conceit that we are self-sufficient, and remain aloof from the other Powers? From the moment we broached the idea of isolation we became suspected by the Alliances. As we were not of them, and might rise against one of them, or both, upon some question or other, suspicion became dislike, and the two European combinations, as the fancy possessed them, were able to thwart every policy we favored upon the ground that it was mischievous or detrimental to their own. Two combinations of equal strength may exist—though opposed in some matters of general policy—on fairly peaceful terms; but for a third—supposed to be uncertain in its favors, ready to take one side to-day and shift to the other to-morrow—there is no place. Such a party is a source of irritation because of the doubt it engenders; it is incalculable, and therefore a danger.

Take any recent question—Armenia,

Turkey, Crete or Greece—and note the effect of our isolation. We succeeded in nothing that concerned either of them. The massacres of Armenia continued in spite of our protests and Guld-hall warnings. Turkey was encouraged and upheld in its contumacy. King George persevered in his foolish enterprise despite friendly advice. The Cretan Question is not yet settled. The Dual Alliance professed to see a selfish design in all that we proposed; the Triple Alliance assumed the indifferent rôle and said: "The whole Eastern Question was not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian Grenadier." The threat of Russia to meet coercive measures towards Turkey with force paralyzed us, for behind Russia was France. We were indeed "splendidly isolated."

The late events in China have still more demonstrated the inconveniences and the perils of isolation, as well as the futility of attempting single-handed to check any of the disturbing forces. Being disinterested and only seeking the general good of commercial nations, we see that the violent partition of China must end in a general upheaval and disintegration of nations. England's aloofness will only hasten the catastrophe. The most earnest pleading for the open door is unheeded. Russia, conscious of the support of France, has marched on and annexed the whole of Manchuria, and Port Arthur and Talienwan in a few months will be the Sevastopols of the Far East. France, in her turn, supported by Russia, is drawing closer to the Upper Yangtse Valley, and will make as short work with the Yunnanese as she did with the people of Tonking. As this is not what our diplomacy strove for, we have again failed. It is not the fault of our Foreign Office, as the Opposition leaders wish to make out; it is our "splendid isolation" that causes us to be disregarded.

We know what will be the result in China of this action of the Dual Alliance; but while alone what can we do to avert the danger? Germany, the head of the Triple Alliance, has no need to be uneasy just yet. Any interference with her in China from France and Russia

would send her precipitately to our side. Besides, is she not justified in looking after her own interests? She knows as well as we do that her commercial interests would be best served by keeping the gates of the interior of China open; but as we have not chosen to range ourselves on her side, she dare not stand, as we do, unprofitably waiting for the Millennium, lest there will be nothing left for her. Besides, she is not the object of envy and spite as we are. Her colonial possessions are as yet lean and immature, and hard knocks rather than material advantages are sure to be the result of meddling with them. Her military strength, an Imperial Commander of high spirit, with no fat colonies to excite cupidity, put Germany in a position impervious to fear and weakness; while, on the other hand, her objections to Franco-Russian policy may be overruled by substantial considerations.

Dismal as the outlook is for us, our government is apparently not without hopes. Let us analyze these hopes. It is said that we declined to stir while Port Arthur and Talienwan might have been seized, for the reason that behind them lay the strength of the Russian Empire. It was accepted as a good and sufficient reason, for we are too practical to undertake to defend the Liao-tong Peninsula with a few thousands against the hundreds of thousands Russia could bring to bear against us. Therefore we selected Wei-hai-wei as a point of vantage. But, in my humble opinion, by settling down at Wei-hai-wei we have gained nothing permanent; we have only deferred the evil day by a few years. Mukden is almost as near to Peking as it is to Port Arthur. Of what use can Wei-hai-wei be to the defence of Peking when Peking is to be a terminus of the Russo-Siberian Railway? Once at Peking, may not the railway be continued to the south as far as the Yangtse Kiang without let or hindrance from the fleet away off at Wei-hai-wei? The Russian Empire follows the railroad, which may be shoved across the Yangtse Kiang—aye, as far as the neighborhood of Hong Kong, for all we

can do to stop it. We may batter down the walls of Port Arthur, Talienwan and Vladivostock, but until we devise some means of floating our ironclads in front of the railhead, it passes my comprehension how our fleet can put a limit to Russia's advance.

I regard Russia's acquisition of the main bulk of China as beyond our power—in our splendid isolation—to prevent, and have no doubt that France, who is to-day as near to the Upper Yangtse as Shinking is to Peking, will acquire the possession of the Upper Valley of the Great River. When Russia will have made the Celestials subservient to her in the manner she has made the Tartars of the Eastern and Western Steppes, and has by their help reached her southerly goal and united her forces with those of France, what will happen to the China bordering on the Eastern and Yellow Seas? I think Germany should be as interested in this question as we are.

Well, now, what has brought affairs to the pass that our influence in the Far East, as in the near East, has thus been reduced to zero? I would answer, that it was due to the change in the constitution of Europe, by which five individual states of the first rank were formed into two great military confederations, one of which possesses one hundred and thirty-three sea-going war-ships and five million soldiers, and the other one hundred and four war-ships and six million five hundred thousand soldiers. Against these mighty fleets and hosts we have one hundred and sixty-one sea-going war-ships and less than half a million of men. It must be obvious that, standing alone, we have been reduced to a position of great inferiority, and made ourselves liable to "snubs and humiliations." Nay, it should be clear to every thinking man that if we doubled our fleet and possessed one million soldiers our position would not be much bettered, for even then we would be exposed to the danger of these two powerful combinations uniting to crush us, which they could easily do. Yet to double our navy and army would cost us 140,000,000*l.*, and 100,000,000*l.* a year to main-

tain these forces of sea and land. It must be equally obvious that if we joined our fleet and army to either Alliance we could make it of such preponderant strength that it would be unsailable.

Before proceeding further I should furnish my reasons why everyone in Great Britain should be opposed to the military occupation of China by Russia. First of all, because it means the absorption of China within the Russian Empire, and the transformation of the Chinese myriads into Russian soldiers. Secondly, it would mean as a natural consequence the absorption of all Asia. Not in ten years, nor in twenty years—but why think of a decade or two in the life of a nation? Ultimately it would be inevitable, for no Power, or scarcely a combination of Powers, could oppose the drilled myriads. Was it not the late Mr. Pearson who spoke of the Yellow Terror? He never imagined the strongest Power in Europe directing the Yellow Terror, and emptying all Asia for the conquest of Europe. Of course, long before this period we shall have been expelled from India and Burmah, and will be eating the bread of humble contentment, perforce, within our own tight little island. But what of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy? They are the nearest neighbors to overgrown Russia, who is lord of Asian millions, and must bide the brunt of her resistless armies; and then France, who will have done for Europe what Roderick the Goth did to Spain, who will have been the cause of the destruction of Europe, she also must perish, and after her it will be our turn. But, thank Heaven, there is a pretty broad ditch between us and Europe, and it may be that it will be decided in the Channel whether the whole of the old world shall become Russian—or England, the hated of Europe, shall avenge dead Europe.

Is this picture far-fetched? He who dares say so betrays his ignorance of the rate of Russian progress over Asia. Twenty-eight years ago she had just effected a landing on the eastern shore of the Caspian. During this short in-

terval she has stridden across the continent, and is now at Port Arthur preparing for the locomotive from St. Petersburg. Every day her army is increasing by hundreds—every hour her destiny is being made more visible to every observer. One railway terminus is within easy reach of Herat—in 1900 the whistles of her locomotives will be heard at Port Arthur, the next year they will be heard in Peking. From Peking to Hong Kong is much shorter than from Lake Baikal to Port Arthur, a mere two thousand miles. To a Power flushed with the achievement of the Siberian Railway, it will appear as nothing.

It will not be denied that any arrangement of the Powers which would reduce England to the rank of a third-rate Power would inevitably hasten the catastrophe above sketched. For she is the one Power whose strength cast in favor of the Triple Alliance could alone dissipate the dreams of such a world-empire. She is the one Power which, acting as Europe's scout, has detected the movement, foreseen the danger and uttered the warning. It is as certain also that only an arrangement of Powers which shall include her can prevent the catastrophe. The retirement of England from China would soon render Germany's tenure of Kiao-chau precarious, for it will be evident that on the linking of Peking with Petersburg Germany would be in the same untenable position as England would have been at Port Arthur; or if the struggle between the two Alliances for possessions in China must be decided in Europe, without England's assistance, the issue would be doubtful, and sure to be exhausting. And then? Well, England, assisted by her colonial children and kinsmen, becomes resurrected for vengeance and retribution.

It will be inferred, from what I have written, with which of the two European Alliances Great Britain should join her strength. I regard the Triple Alliance as a security for peace; the object for which it was formed was peace; it is through it alone that Europe has enjoyed repose, and attained

its present commercial prosperity. The Dual Alliance, though at first supposed to be a just equipoise to the other Alliance, is now seen to be disturbing and dangerous. Russia's ambitions, fanned by the hot breath of France, have become limitless. It is not the acquisition of ice-bound wastes, or parched steppes thinly populated by Tartar shepherds, as we thought, that has been her aim. She covets China, India, Persia and Ottoman Asia. The other partner to it, perceiving that England, ranging at will and independent of European policies, could always derange her designs, has apparently postponed her revenge on Germany, in order to remove a possible antagonist. Her methods have been artful, and her diplomatists deserve considerable praise for the patience and cunning they have displayed in the long-drawn game. They have used the pride and other national characteristics of Germans with sometimes admirable effect, they have weakened Italy, they have been strenuous and untiring and skilful and deft, with every opportunity that happened on the Continent; it is only with the handling and management of affairs immediately affecting us that they have been somewhat awkward and clumsy. A tyro in diplomacy might have taught French diplomatists that when through vacillation France had permitted England to enter upon the task of reconstructing Egypt, brow-beating, scolding and threatening England were not the proper weapons to use to cause her withdrawal. In process of time France has found that she must resort to other means, and these have shown that when she is opposed to England she loses her nerve and that fine touch she exhibits when dealing with the German, Russian and Austrian Chancelleries. Her every move has been clumsy and always with the desire to annoy, but never to placate. She has thrust herself into our business, *insouciant* and reckless, planted herself without right or logical reason directly in our path, jostled us pertinaciously, and with an insistence that even John Bull, stodgy and short-sighted though he be, thought

was "deuced cheeky." She has broken her pledges in Tunis and in Siam; she occupied Madagascar, proclaiming loudly that she was doing it with a view some day of destroying our Indian commerce. She has instigated Abyssinia to encroach upon our East African territory; from Obok she proposes to make a railway to the Nile, and she has sent Marchand and Bonchamp to Fashoda on the White Nile to occupy what will be the terminus; she has drawn a line across Africa—which the British will be forbidden to approach; she has gone behind our African coast possessions, and annexed everything, shooting some of our officers and soldiers at Walima, and then darted off at tangents into Sokoto on one side, and Boussa on the other; she boasts that she will hold the counting-houses of Gambia, Sierra Leone and Lagos in her hands, and where she will poach next, goodness knows; it may be Morocco, Tripoli or the Canaries. It appears to me as if the spirit of France was near that pitch of violence when we might hear at any moment that delirious cry of *A Londres!* The curious thing about French aggressions is that whether they are accidental or purposeful "honor always forbids France to withdraw or apologize," and the culture of words is so perfect in France that somehow she succeeds in persuading a large section of the world that she is innocent, while the aggression has come from us.

Well, now, it is obvious that if we propose to remain contented with our isolation, it will rest on us to accept any challenge given to us in the spirit with which it is given, or, if our unwarlike habits have made us averse from this alternative because of the consequences, we must abandon that which has led us to the brink of war on more than one occasion, and seek some more peaceful and as effective means of safety—viz.: join the Triple Alliance and unreservedly accept its obligations.

If we object to the partition of China, to being excluded from the commerce which might be ours by keeping the gates of China open, to being perpetually nagged and abused, to the invasion

of our territory, to the incessant poaching upon our spheres of influence, we must certainly accept one or the other alternative. If we have not arrived at the conviction that either is necessary, must we forever remain quiescent under all this tormenting and humiliating, and let France ride rough shod over our possessions and Russia do what she will with China and all Asia? These are questions worth earnest consideration.

We have often said, indeed times without number, that we hate war, and especially dislike war with the gifted French people; but if perpetual reiterations of this will not avail with the French government, and have no effect on that of Russia, if they are always governed by wishes which too harshly clash with our own, what are we to do? Our wishes are very simple. We wish equal rights of trade, and our possessions and interests respected; but they, while glad enough to enjoy the perfect equality granted in our possessions, not only seek now to absorb the populous Empire of China, and fence it round with notices of "No thoroughfare," but one of the Powers, morally supported by the other, coolly walks towards the centre of one of our West African possessions, goes a thousand miles out of its proper way to the Upper Nile, and at another place instigates a barbarous people to make encroachments upon our East African territory. If all these are not enough to make us aware of the danger of isolation, nothing can make us aware of it until the French have uncovered the leonine mask of Britain and pricked the dastard cowering beneath it.

Mr. Chamberlain hinted at Birmingham at the possibility of an Anglo-Saxon Alliance. Though there is, and always will be, I am thinking, a moral alliance between the branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, it will take many years of strenuous striving to make it a real one. Our own people are not unanimous upon it, and our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic are far from being assured of its necessity, or its wisdom. In China we have done America some service, in the war in which

she is engaged we are doing her another, and we are certain to be at all times sympathetic, and do our utmost to impress on her the knowledge of our sincere friendship, whatever purblind and dense individuals may say to the contrary; but a nation of such a magnitude, possessed of such power to pervert right reason, make kindly offices and friendly feelings appear selfish and interested, labors under the disadvantage of not being able to discern the true from the false; so that though we may persevere hard to enlighten our kinsmen, ages may elapse before our ideal of inseparable brotherhood with America can become a solid and enduring reality. Circumstances may hasten the consolidation of the present floating sympathies and inclinations, and the alliance now dreamed of may suddenly take form and substance; but of one thing I am sure: it will never take place unless we are true to ourselves and prove worthy of it. One step, if a wrong one, will make it impossible; and one step, if the right one, will have more quickening effect than a century of professions. The little sentence which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach uttered at Bristol about "keeping the open door even at the risk of war" wiped almost clean from American memories the bitterness caused by the Venezuelan Question. If those few words wrought such a change in American feeling, what might not one earnest deed for the world's freedom of commerce do?

Meantime, however, as I discovered at the Society of Arts the other day, the word "aggressive"—which people give nowadays to what is purely defensive—makes men shiver with horror, and the earnest deed appears to have no chance of being tried. Let us see, therefore, what may be said in favor of joining the Triple Alliance.

We must remember in the first place that the Triple Alliance was formed through the necessity of preserving the countries which composed it from the perils of the revenge which France was nourishing—and that the treaty was framed with the sole object of providing against attack. If carefully read

and studied, it will be seen that the position of Germany was similar to what ours is to-day, except that we have given no cause of offence to France or to Russia.

Art. I. If, contrary to the hope and sincere wish of both the high contracting parties, one of the two empires (Germany and Austria-Hungary) should be *attacked* by Russia, then the high contracting parties bind themselves to assist each other with the entire military power of their empires, and accordingly, only to conclude peace by common agreement.

Art. II. Should one of the high contracting parties be *attacked* by another power, then the other high contracting party hereby binds itself not only not to assist the assailant of its high ally, but also at least to observe an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards its high co-party.

But if, nevertheless, in such an event the *attacking* Power should be supported by Russia, whether in the form of active co-operation or by military measures involving menace to the *attacked*, then the obligation of mutual assistance with full military power stipulated for in Art. I. of the treaty shall in this case immediately come into force, and then, also, the military operations of both the high contracting parties shall be conducted in common, until they conclude a peace in common.

The third article is unnecessary for my purpose. The italics are mine.

No one will refuse to admit that the peace of Europe has been due to this treaty, and that the treaty was a necessity caused by the *rapprochement* of Russia with France. Well, then, in view of the fact that the Alliance has been so instrumental in the preservation of peace, and was only to come into force in case of attack, the marvel is that our Foreign Office did not long ago sue to become a partner in the Triple Alliance, in order to ensure the lasting continuance of the peace of Europe. The treaty was signed in 1879, and it has remained to this day intact. There has been no sign of the Powers seeking a pretext to abuse its terms, no symptom of using their strength against the weak, or of extension of their bound-

aries; their mutual animosities have been forgotten, each Power has scrupulously avoided provocation, and only at the intercession of other Powers have they intervened in affairs outside of the Alliance. But the same cannot be said of the Franco-Russian Alliance. From the capture of Hanoi in April, 1882, to the occupation of Boussa last year, French aggressions have been innumerable, while those of Russia have been no less continuous, sometimes towards Afghanistan, then in Abyssinia, and, lastly, in China.

Towards ourselves Germany has been greatly forbearing, though we have now and then been unnecessarily flurried by mistaking her intentions. But the proof of her straightforward conduct may be found in the absence of contentious questions in Africa. She is our neighbor in South Africa, in Nyassaland and in the Victorian Lake region, and yet nothing has arisen to hinder our peaceful relations, or excite suspicion all these years. Our officers in Uganda write in the highest terms of the German administrators, and though on the Nyassa Lake German and British steamers ply in the same waters, I hear of nothing but courtesies exchanged. But whenever we neighbor French territory there springs up question after question, at Walma, at Nikki, Boussa, Sokoto, British East Africa, Fashoda, etc.

Therefore it comes to this, that loving peace as we do, we must consider whether our diplomacy does not need to be refashioned, directed to something more than temporary expedients, to policies that will ensure, as far as is humanly possible, the permanent welfare of other nations as well as our own. The Triple Alliance, supported by the military and naval strength of Great Britain, backed by the moral support of the United States, and by the military and naval forces of Japan, appears to me the only way by which the peace of the world can be secured, the nightmare of war dispelled and this eternal agitation effectually stopped. Naturally concessions must be made for the privilege of joining the

Alliance, but we have much that may be given to it in return which will rebound to the advantage of Germany. What these concessions shall be lies within the special province of diplomacy to determine. My object has only been to prove that our "splendid isolation," being wholly inadequate and powerless to preserve good relations with the European Powers, ought to be abandoned as a delusion and a snare.

If the Fates forbid our joining the Triple Alliance, the alternatives before us then are either an active and obstinate resistance to the Dual Alliance or a grovelling quiescence with curtailment of empire and decline of power.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

JOHN SPLENDID.¹

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE
LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XII.

A CUP OF WATER.

"I wish to God!" cried John Splendid, "that I had a drink of Altan-aluin at this minute, or the well of Beallach-an-uairain."

It was my own first thought, or something very like it, when the fighting was by, for a most cruel thirst crisped my palate, and, as ill luck had it, there was not a cup of water in the fort.

"I could be doing with a drop myself," said the English minister; "I'll take a stoup and go down to the well yonder and fetch it."

He spoke of the spout in the gut, a clean little well of hill-water that, winter or summer, kept full to the lip and accessible.

We had gathered into the fort itself (all but a few sentinels), glad for a time to escape the sight of yon shambles of friend and foe that the battle had left us. The air had softened of a sudden from its piercing cold to a mildness balmy by comparison; the sky

¹ Copyright, 1897-1898, by Neil Munro.

had leadened over with a menacing vapor, and over the water—in the great glist between Ben Ime and Ardno—a mist hurried to us like driving smoke. A few flakes of snow fell, lingering in the air as feathers from a nest in spring.

"Here's a friend of Argile back again," said an old halberdier, staunching a savage cut on his knee, and mumbling his words because he was chewing as he spoke an herb that's the poultice for every wound.

"Frost and snow might have been Argile's friend when that proverb was made," said John Splendid, "but here are changed times; our last snow did not keep Colkitto on the safe side of Cladich. Still, if this be snow in earnest," he added with a cheerier tone, "it may rid us of these vermin, who'll find provand iller to get every extra day they bide. Where are you going, Master Gordon?"

"To the well," said the minister, simply, stopping at the port, with a wooden stoup in his hand. "Some of our friends must be burning for a mouthful, poor dears; the wounded flesh is drouthy."

John turned himself round on a keg he sat on, and gave a French shrug he had picked up among foreign cavaliers.

"Put it down, sir," he said; "there's a wheen less precious lives in this hold than a curate's, and for the turn you did us in coming up to alarm us of the back attack, if for nothing else, I would be sorry to see you come to any skaith. Do you not know that between us and the well there might be death half a dozen times? The wood, I'll warrant, is hotching still with those disappointed warriors of Clanranald, who would have no more reverence for your life than for your Geneva bands."

"There's no surer cure for the disease of death in a hind than for the same murrain in a minister of the Gospel—or a landed gentleman," said Gordon, touched in his tone a little by the austerity of his speeches as we heard them at the kirk-session.

John showed some confusion in his

face, and the minister had his feet on the steps before he could answer him.

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "Might I have the honor of serving the kirk for once? I'll get water from the well, minister, if you'll go in again and see how these poor devils of ours are thriving. I was but joking when I hinted at the risk; our Athole gentry are, like enough, far off by this time."

"I liked you better when you were selfish and told the truth, than now that you're valiant (in a small degree) and excuse it with a *He*," quo' the minister, and off he set.

He was beyond the wall, and stepping down the brae before we could be out at the door to look after him.

"Damn his nipped tongue!" fumed John. "But, man! there's a lovable quirk in his character, too. I'll give twenty pounds (Scots) to his kirk-plate at the first chance if he wins out of this fool's escapade of his without injury."

There was no doubt the minister's task had many hazards in it, for he carried stave nor steel as he jogged on with the stoup, over the frank, open braeside, down to the well. Looking at him going down into the left of the gut as unafared as he had come up on the right of it, I put myself in his place, and felt the skin of my back pimpling at the instinct of lurking enemies.

But Gordon got safely to the well, through the snow, now falling in a heavy shower, dipped out a stoupful, and turned about to come home. A few yards off his path back, to the right and closer to the wood, lay the only man of all the bodies lying in the valley who seemed to have any life left in him. This fellow lay on his side, and was waving his hands feverishly when the minister went up to him, and—as we saw in a dim way through the snow—gave him a drink of the water from the lip of the stoup.

"Sassenach fool!" said young MacLachlan, parched with thirst, gathering in with a scooped hand the snow as it fell on the wall, and gluttonously sucking it.

"There are many kinds of folly, man," said I; "and I would think twice before I would grudge a cleric's right to give a mouthful of water to a dying man, even if he was a MacDonald on his way to the pit."

"Tuts, tuts! Elrigmore," cried John, "let the young cock crow; he means no more than that it's hard to be hungry and see your brother feed a foe-man. Indeed, I could be wishing myself that his reverence was the Good Samaritan on a more fitting occasion."

We were bandying words now, and not so closely watching our friend in the hollow, and it was Sir Donald, standing to a side a little, who called our attention anew, with a cry of alarm.

"Look, lads, look!" he cried, "God help Gordon!"

We looked through the snow—a grey veil—and saw two or three men fall on the minister.

John Splendid but stopped a second to say, "It may be a feint to draw us off the fort; bide where ye are," and then he leaped over the wall, armed with a claymore picked from the haunch of a halberdier beside him. I was over at his heels, and the pair of us scoured down the brae.

There was some hazard in the enterprise. I'm ashamed to this day to tell I thought that, at every foot of the way as we ran on. Never before nor since have I felt a wood so sinister, so ghastly, so inspired by dreadful airs, and when it was full on our flank, I kept my head half turned to give an eye to where I was going and an eye to what might come out on my rear. People tell you fear takes wings at a stern climax, that a hot passion fills the brain with blood and the danger blurs to the eye. It's a theory that works but poorly on a forlorn hope, with a certainty that the enemy are outnumbering you on the rear. With man and ghost, I have always felt the same; give me my back to the wall, and I could pluck up valor enough for the occasion, but there's a spot between the shoulders that would be coward flesh in Hector himself. That,

I'm thinking, is what keeps some armies from turning tail to heavy odds.

Perhaps the terror behind (John swore anon he never thought on't till he learned I had, and then he said he felt it worse than I) gave our approach all the more impetuosity, for we were down in the gut before the MacDonald loiterers (as they proved) were aware of our coming. We must have looked unco numerous and stalwart in the driving snow, for the scamps dashed off into the wood as might children caught in a mischief. We let them go, and bent over our friend, lying with a very gash look by the body of the MacDonald, now in the last throes, a bullet-wound in his neck and the blood frothing at his mouth.

"Ar't hurt, sir?" asked John, bending on a knee, but the minister gave no answer.

We turned him round and found no wound, but a bruise on the head, that showed he had been attacked with a cudgel by some camp-followers of the enemy, who had neither swords nor reverence for a priest who was giving a brotherly sup to one of their own tartan. In that driving snow we rubbed him into life again, cruelly pallid, but with no broken bit about him.

"Where's my stoup?" were his first words; "my poor lads upbye must be wearying for water." He looked pleased to see the same beside him where he had set it down, with its water untouched, and then he cast a wae glance on the dead man beside him.

"Poor wretch, poor wretch!" said he.

We took the stoup and our minister up to the summit, and had got him but safely set there when he let out what gave me the route again from Dunchuach, and led to divers circumstances that had otherwise never come into this story, if story there was, which I doubt there had never been. Often I've thought me since how pregnant was that Christian act of Gordon in giving water to a foe. Had I gone, or had John gone for the stoup of water, none of us, in all likelihood, had stirred

a foot to relieve yon enemy's drouth; but he found a godly man, though an austere one too on occasion, and paid for the cup of water with a hint in broken English that was worth all the gold in the world to me. Gordon told us the man's dying confidence whenever he had come to himself a little more in the warmth of the fort fire.

"There's a woman and child," said he, "in the wood of Strongara."

CHAPTER XIII.

WHERE TREADS THE DEER.

When the English minister, in his odd, lalland Scots, had told us this tale of the dying MacDonald, I found for the first time my feeling to the daughter of the provost of Inneraora. Before this, the thought of her was but a pleasant engagement for the mind at leisure moments; now it flashed on my heart with a stound that yon black eyes were to me the dearest jewels in the world, that lacking her presence these glens and mountains were very cold and empty. I think I gave a gasp that let John Splendid into my secret there and then; but at least I left him no doubt about what I would be at.

"What's the nearer way to Strongara?" I asked, "alongside the river, or through Tombreck?"

He but peered at me oddly a second under his brows—a trifle wistfully, though I might naturally think his mood would be quizzical—then he sobered in a moment. That's what I loved about the man; a fool would have laughed at the bravado of my notion, a man of thinner sentiment would have marred the moment by pointing out difficulties.

"So that's the airt the wind's in!" he said, and then he added, "I think I could show you, not the shortest, but the safest road."

"I need no guidance," I cried in a hurry, "only——"

"Only a friend who knows every wood in the countryside, and has your interest at heart, Collin," he said softly, putting a hand on my elbow and gripping it in a homely way. It was the first time he gave me my

Christian name since I made his acquaintance.

His company was not to be denied.

We made up some bear-meal bannocks, and a collop of boiled venison in a *dorlach* or knapsack that I carried on my back, borrowed plaids from some of the common soldiery, and set out for Strongara at the mouth of the night, with the snow still driving over the land.

MacLachlan was for with us, but John turned on him with a great deal of determination, and dared him to give extra risk to our enterprise by adding another man to the chance of the enemy seeing us.

The lad met the objection ungraciously, and John took to his flattery.

"The fact is, MacLachlan," said he, taking him aside with a hand on his lapel, and a show of great confidence; "the fact is, we can't be leaving this place in charge of a lot of old *bodachs*—Sir Donald the least able of them all—and if there's another attack the guidance of the defence will depend on you. You may relish that or you may not; perhaps, after all, you would be safer with us——"

MacLachlan put up his chest an inch or two, unconscious that he did it, and whistled a stave of music to give evidence of his indifference. Then he knitted his brows to cogitate, as it were, and——

"Very well!" said he. "If you come on my cox, you'll bring her back here, or to the castle, I suppose?"

"I had no thought of running away with the lass, I'll take my oath," cried John, sticking his tongue in the cheek nearest me.

"I wish I could fathom yon fellow's mind," I said to my comrade as we stepped out through the snow and into the wooded braeside, keeping a wary eye about for spies of the enemy, whose footprints we came on here and there, but so faint in the fresh snow-fall that it was certain they were now in the valley.

"Do you find it difficult?" asked John. "I thought a man of schooling, with Latin at his tongue's-end (though

very indifferent Latin in the minister's opinion) would see to the deepest heart of MacLachlan."

"He's crafty."

"So's the polecat till the fox meets him. Tuts, man, you have a singular jealousy of the creature."

"Since the first day I saw him."

John laughed.

"That was in the provost's," quo' he, and he hummed a French song I caught the meaning of but slightly.

"Wrong, wrong!" said I, striding under the trees as we slanted to the right for Tombreck. "His manner is provoking."

"I've seen him polish it pretty well for the ladies."

"His temper's always on the boil."

"Spirit, man; spirit! I like a fellow of warmth now and then."

"He took it most ungraciously when we put him out of the provost's house on the night of the squabble in the town."

"It was an awkward position he was in. I'd have been a bit black-browed about it myself," said John. "Man! it's easy to pick holes in the character of an unfriend, and you and MacLachlan are not friendly, for one thing that's not his fault any more than yours."

"You're talking of the girl," I said, sharply, and not much caring to show him how hot my face burned at having to mention her.

"That same," said he; "I'll warrant that if it wasn't for the girl (the old tale! the old tale!), you had thought the young sprig not a bad gentleman, after all."

"Oh, damn his soul!" I blurted out. "What is he that he should pester his betters with his attentions?"

"A cousin, I think, a simple cousin-german they tell me," said John, dryly; "and in a matter of betters, now—eh?"

My friend coughed on the edge of his plaid, and I could swear he was laughing at me. I said nothing for a while, and with my skin burning, led the way at a hunter's pace. But John was not done with the subject.

"I'm a bit beyond the age of it my-

self," he said; "but that's no reason why I shouldn't have eyes in my head. I know how much put about you are to have this young fellow gallivanting round the lady."

"Jealous, you mean," I cried.

"I didn't think of putting it that way."

"No; it's too straightforward a way for you—ever the roundabout way for you. I wish to God you would sometimes let your Campbell tongue come out of the kink, and say what you mean."

With a most astonishing steady voice for a man as livid as the snow on the hair of his brogues, and with his hand on the hilt of his dirk, John cried—

"Stop a bit."

I faced him in a most unrighteous humor, ready to quarrel with my shadow.

"For a man I'm doing a favor to, El-rigmore," he said, "you seem to have a poor notion of politeness. I'm willing to make some allowance for a lover's tirraavee about a woman who never made tryst with him; but I'll allow no man to call down the credit of my clan and name."

A pair of gowks, were we not, in that darkening wood, quarrelling on an issue as flimsy as a spider's web, but who will say it was not human nature? I dare say we might have come to hotter words and bloody blows there and then, but for one of the trifles that ever come in the way to change—not fate, for that's changeless, but the semblance of it.

"My mother herself was a Campbell of an older family than yours," I started to say, to show I had some knowledge of the breed, and at the same time a notion of fairness to the clan.

This was fresh heather on the fire.

"Older!" he cried; "she was a Mac-Vicar as far as ever I heard; it was the name she took to kirk with her when she married your father."

"So," said I; "but—"

"And though I allow her grandfather Dol-a-mhonadh (Donald-of-the-Hills) was a Campbell, it was in a round-

about way; he was but the son of one of the Craignish gentry."

"You yourself—"

"Sir!" said he in a new tone, as cold as steel and as sharp, misjudging my intention.

"You yourself are no more than a M'Iver."

"And what of that?" he cried, cooling down a bit. "The M'Ivers of Ask-nish are in the direct line from Duncan, Lord of Lochow. We had Penny-more, Stronshira and Glenaray as cadets of Clan Campbell when your Craignish cross-breeds were under the salt."

"Only by the third cousin," said I; "my father has told me over and over again that Duncan's son had no heir."

And so we went into all this perplexity of Highland pedigree like old wives at a waulking, forgetting utterly that what we began to quarrel about was the more serious charge of lying. M'Iver was most frantic about the business, and I think I was cool, for I was never a person that cared a bodle about my history by the second generation. They might be lairds or they might be lackeys for all the differ it made to me. Not that there were any lackeys among them. My grandfather was the grandson of Tormald Mor, who held the whole east side of Lochow from Ford to Sonachan, and we had at home the four-posted bed that Tormald slept on when the heads of the house of Argile were lying on white-hay or chaff.

At last John broke into a laugh.

"Aren't you the *amadan* to be biting the tongue between your teeth?" he said.

"What is it?" I asked, constrained to laugh too.

"You talk about the crook in our Campell tongue in one breath," said he, "and in the next you make yourself a Campbell more sib to the chief than I am myself. Don't you think we might put off our little affairs of family history till we find a lady and a child in Strongara?"

"No more of it, then," said I. "Our difference began on my fool's notion

that because I had something of what you would call a liking for this girl, no one else should let an eye light on her."

But now we were in a wide glade in the Tombreck wood. On our left we could see lying among the grey snow the house of Tombreck, with no light nor lowe (as the saying goes); and though we knew better than to expect there might be people living in it, we sped down to see the place.

"There's one chance in a million she might have ventured here," I said.

A most melancholy dwelling! Dwelling indeed no more but for the hoodycrow, and for the fawn of the hill that years after I saw treading over the grass-grown lintel of its door. Tonight the place was full of empty airs and ghosts of sounds inexplicable, walling among the cabars that jutted black and scarred mid-way from wall to wall. The byre was in a huddle of damp thatch, and strewn (as God's my judge) by the bones of the cattle the enemy had refused to drive before them in the sauciness of their glut. A desolate garden slept about the place, with bush and tree—once tended by a family of girls, left orphan and desolate forevermore.

We went about on tiptoes as it might be in a house of the dead, and peeped in at the windows at where had been chambers lit by the cheerful cruise or dancing with peat-fire flame—only the dark was there, horrible with the odors of char, or the black joist against the dun sky. And then we went to the front door (for Tombreck was a gentlehouse), and found it still on its hinges, but hanging half back to give view to the gloomy interior. It was a spectacle to chill the heart, a house burned in hatred, the hearth of many songs and the chambers of love, merrymaking, death, and the children's feet, robbed of every interest but its ghosts and the memories of them they came to.

"It were useless to look here; she is not here," I said in a whisper to my comrade.

He stood with his bonnet in his

hand, dumb for a space, then speaking with a choked utterance.

"Our homes, our homes, Colin!" he cried. "Have I not had the happy nights in those same walls, those harmless, hospitable halls, those dead halls?"

And he looked broadcast over the country-side.

"The curse of Conan and the black-stones on the hands that wrought this work," he said. "Poison to their wells; may the brutes die far afield!"

The man was in a tumult of grief and passion, the tears, I knew by his voice, welling to his eyes. And indeed I was not happy myself, had not been happy indeed, by this black home, even if the girl I loved was waiting me at the turn of the road.

"Let us be going," I said at last.

"She might be here; she might be in the little plantation!" he said (and still in the melancholy and quiet of the place we talked in whispers).

"Could you not give a call, a signal?" he asked; and I had mind of the call I had once taught her, the doleful pipe of the curlew.

I gave it with hesitancy to the listening night. It came back an echo from the hills, but brought no other answer.

A wild bird roosting somewhere in the ruined house flapped out by the door and over us. I am not a believer in the ghostly—at least to the extent of some of our people; but I was alarmed, till my reason came to me and the badinage of the professors at college, who had twitted me on my fears of the mischancy. But M'Iver clutched me by the shoulder in a frenzy of terror. I could hear his teeth chattering as if he had come out of the sea.

"Name of God!" he cried. "What was yon?"

"But a night-hag," said I.

He was ashamed of his weakness; but the night, as he said, had too many holes in it for his fancy.

And so we went on again across the hill-face in the sombre gloaming. It was odd that the last time I had been on this hillside had been for a glimpse

of that same girl we sought to-night. Years ago, when I was a lad, she had on a summer been sewing with a kinswoman in Carlanan, the mill croft beside a linn of the river, where the salmon plout in a most wonderful profusion, and I had gone at morning to the hill to watch her pass up and down in the garden of the mill, or feed the pigeons at the round doo-cot, content (or well-nigh content) to see her and fancy the wind in her tresses, the song at her lip. In these mornings the animals of the hill and the wood and I were friendly; they guessed somehow, perhaps, no harm was in my heart: the young roes came up unafraid, almost to my presence, and the birds fluttered like comrades about me, and the little animals that flourish in the wild dallied boldly in my path. It was a soft and tranquil atmosphere, it was a world (I think now) very happy and unperplexed. And at evening, after a hurried meal, I was off over the hills to this brae anew, to watch her who gave me an unrest of the spirit, unappeasable but precious. I think, though the mornings were sweet, 'twas the eve that was sweeter still. All the valley would be lying soundless and sedate, the hills of Salachary and the forest of Creag Dubh purpling in the setting sun, a rich gold tipping Dunchuach like a thimble. Then the eastern woods filled with dark caverns of shade, wherein the tall trunks of the statelier firs stood grey as ghosts. What was it, in that precious time, gave me, in the very heart of my happiness, a foretaste of the melancholy of coming years? My heart would swell, the tune upon my lip would cease, my eyes would blur foolishly, looking on that prospect most magic and fine. Rarely, in that happy age, did I venture to come down and meet the girl, but—so contrary is the nature of man!—the day was happier when I worshipped afar, though I went home fuming at my own lack of spirit.

To-day, my grief! how different the tale! That bygone time loomed upon me like a wave borne down on a mariner on a frail raft, the passion of the

past ground me inwardly in a numb pain.

We stumbled through the snow, and my comrade—good heart!—said never a word to mar my meditation. On our right, the hill of Meall Ruadh rose up like a storm-cloud ere the blackest of the night fell; we walked on the edges of the plantations, surmising our way by the aid of the grey snow around us.

It was not till we were in the very heart of Strongara wood that I came to my reason and thought what folly was this to seek the wanderer in such a place in dead of night. To walk that ancient wood, on the coarse and broken ground, among fallen timber, bog, bush, water-pass and hillock, would have tried a sturdy forester by broad day; it was, to us weary travellers, after a day of sturt, a madness to seek through it at night for a woman and child, whose particular concealment we had no means of guessing.

M'Iver, nathless, let me flounder through that perplexity for a time, fearful, I suppose, to hurt my feelings by showing me how little I knew of it, and finally he hinted at three cairns he was acquaint with, each elevated somewhat over the general run of the country, and if not the harborage a refugee would make for, at least the most suitable coign to overlook the Strongara wood.

"Lead me anywhere, for God's sake!" said I; "I'm as helpless as a mowdie on the sea-beach."

He knew the wood as he knew his own pocket, for he had hunted it many times with his cousin, and so he led me briskly, by a kind of natural path, to the first cairn. Neither there nor the second did I get answer to my whistle.

"We'll go up on the third," said John, "and bide there till morning; scouring a wood in this fashion is like hunting otters in the deep sea."

We reached the third cairn when the hour was long past midnight. I piped again in vain, and having ate part of our collop, we set us down to wait the dawn. The air, for midwinter, was almost congenial; the

snow fell no longer, the north part of the sky was wondrous clear and even jubilant with star.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From The Fortnightly Review.
MR. GLADSTONE.

In the course of some conversation on politics during Mr. Gladstone's first ministry, I remember saying to a remarkable man, the late Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, that if I had to anticipate the verdict of history in our leading British statesmen, I should put Burke first and Gladstone second. "I would put Gladstone first," he replied, "and Burke second." I think he was right. The two men had much in common: philosophic insight; habitual earnestness; a profoundly religious temper; a wide and various range of knowledge; superb eloquence; veneration for the past, combined with a due recognition of the needs of the present and future; splendid courage, independence of spirit and inflexible integrity. But Mr. Gladstone's knowledge was wider and deeper than Burke's. As a classical scholar he was far superior to Burke. He was a learned and accomplished theologian in a sense to which Burke had no pretension. Burke's style of oratory has a pomp and majesty all its own. But if oratory be the art of persuasion, Mr. Gladstone must be allowed to bear the palm, while he united with the highest gifts of eloquence a faculty of practical administration of which Burke gave no evidence; although it must, in fairness, be added that Burke never held any office in which his powers in that respect could be tested.

What is the explanation of the contradictory accounts of Burke's oratory that have come down to us? Some of his oratorical efforts are described as exceedingly effective; yet he earned the *sobriquet* of "the dinner bell," and Goldsmith, a contemporary, would not have ventured, without popular support, to describe him as an orator—

Who, too deep for his hearers, went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they
thought of dining.

There is an amusing letter from Lord Erskine when he sat in the House of Commons, describing the effect produced on the House by Burke's speech on conciliation with America—in some respects the finest of all his speeches, not only for its eloquence, but for the breadth and practical wisdom of its political philosophy. The speech must certainly have occupied more than two hours in delivery, yet Erskine says that Burke had not been on his legs half-an-hour when he emptied the House. Erskine himself got bored; but, anxious not to hurt Burke's feelings, he crawled towards the door on all-fours, and thus escaped unseen. He goes on to add that, on reading the report of the speech, he was electrified by its power and eloquence. Failure of this sort was impossible to Mr. Gladstone. No speech of his ever suffered from defective delivery; on the contrary, voice and manner added charm to the matter. The voice was a rich baritone, well trained, and exquisitely responsive to the feelings of the orator, whether pathetic or indignant, grave or gay, lively or severe. It had also great carrying power. I once heard him deliver a speech, of more than an hour's duration, to twenty thousand people on Blackheath, and it was evident from the faces and eager attention of the circumference of the crowd that they heard him with ease. His elocution was so distinct that his articulate words could be followed wherever the sound of his voice was heard.

What place will Mr. Gladstone eventually hold among our Parliamentary orators? With all submission, I venture to think that, taking him all round, he will take the first place. He may have been excelled by a few in certain kinds of oratory: by Bright, for example, in that peculiar lyrical style of oratory in which the great tribune excelled; by Disraeli, in personal invective and sarcasm. I have always thought Disraeli's speeches against Sir Robert Peel

the most brilliant exhibitions of his oratory, to which may be added a few of his later efforts; notably the famous Slough speech in 1858, in which he satirized, in a strain of picturesque irony, the sudden collapse of the Opposition attack on the Ellenborough despatch.

But, if Mr. Gladstone seldom indulged in sarcasm, it was not because he lacked the gift—for he possessed it in a high degree—but because he forbore to use it. To hurt an opponent's feelings gave him pain, and when he did it unintentionally he would sometimes cross the floor of the House, and, sitting for a few moments by the side of the man whom he had just demolished, say something to assuage the wound. One of his most persistent, but never ill-natured, critics was the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, who told me the following story to illustrate this generous trait in Mr. Gladstone's character. Sir John prided himself on his knowledge of chemistry, and in one of the debates on the Commercial Treaty with France he made a speech exposing, as he believed, a serious chemical blunder in the Treaty. Mr. Gladstone followed, "and soon turned me inside out in the most amusing manner," said Hennessy in relating the story, "proving, as if he had been a chemist by profession, that it was I who had blundered egregiously." Having thus disposed of his critic, Mr. Gladstone went and sat by him for a moment. "I hope you don't feel hurt, Mr. Hennessy," he said. "Your speech was ingenious, and it may console you to know that the emperor of the French made precisely the same objection that you have made. The fact is, both you and he know a good deal about chemistry, but not enough to keep you from going astray."

If we grant, then, that Mr. Gladstone has been occasionally excelled in a certain species of eloquence, it will hardly be disputed that as an all-around orator he is peerless among British politicians. As a debater he has never been approached. Some of his most brilliant and effective speeches were made on the spur of the moment, without any prep-

aration. It was acknowledged on all hands that it was his speech at the close of the debate on Mr. Disraeli's Budget in 1852 that put the Derby government in a minority of nineteen—one of the few instances in which a speech has materially influenced the fate of a Ministry. Yet that speech was *impromptu*. Mr. Disraeli had wound up the debate in a speech of great oratorical power, but abounding in bitter invective, part of which was directed against some of Mr. Gladstone's personal and political friends. When Mr. Disraeli sat down at one o'clock in the morning, Mr. Gladstone bounded to his feet, and after rebuking Mr. Disraeli's personalities, dissected his Budget and his defence of it unmercifully in a two-hours' speech which made an end both of the Budget and the Ministry.

Then what minister ever approached him in the art of expounding a policy? He revelled in figures and details, and made them not only intelligible, but interesting in addition. The eagerness to hear his Budget speeches can only be compared to the demand for seats at the opera on the first night of some famous prima donna. He invested one of the driest of political subjects with a halo of romance. His first Budget speech occupied more than five hours in delivery, and he held his audience spell-bound to its close. He took more than four hours in explaining, without a note, that Budget to the Cabinet the day before, and the Duke of Argyll has described this as a greater oratorical feat than the parliamentary speech which followed. The first financial speech of his which I ever heard occupied four hours, and filled between eleven and twelve columns of the *Times*. Yet one could see that the crowded House and galleries, so far from being wearied, were sorry when the treat came to an end. He had to deal with a wilderness of figures; but he made everything so plain that there seemed to be no difficulty in following him, and he relieved the strain on the attention by a pathetic touch, or picturesque illustration, or happy epigram, or amusing witticism.

Those who say that Bright, in a few

of his set orations, surpassed Mr. Gladstone in pathetic eloquence will probably allow that Bright never equalled Mr. Gladstone's gift of appealing with equal power at the same time to the reason and the feelings. The fine passage in which Bright refers to the Angel of Death, and the uncertainty as to the door at which "the beating of his wings might next be heard," may be paralleled by an eloquent passage in a speech of Mr. Gladstone, also on the Crimean War, in which he invokes the memories of "the multitude of brave men who sleep beside the waters of the Bosphorus, or under the rocks of Balaklava;" reminding one of the Athenian orator's adjuration of "the dead who fell at Marathon." People will probably differ as to the finest of Mr. Gladstone's speeches. Some would give the palm to the speech at the close of the debate on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill of 1866, and certainly it combines rare debating power with lofty eloquence. But to read it is one thing; to have heard it is quite another. Close reasoning, keen analysis, sarcasm, pathos, were all set off by expressive gesture, kindling eye, and a voice which was responsive to every phase of the orator's feelings, and was music to listen to. I can see him now as he delivered the beautiful peroration. The impassioned manner and voice of the combatant suddenly changed, and, leaning his elbow on the table, he faced the Opposition, and in a gentle voice of pleading pathos and seer-like warning, which thrilled through the stilled assembly, he spoke the fine passage which ends as follows:—

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you; they work with us; they are marshalled in our support. And the banner which we now carry in the fight, though perhaps, at some moment of the struggle, it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again in the eye of Heaven, and will be borne by

the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory.

Striking and picturesque as this passage is, I think it can be more than matched from other speeches. I remember a magnificent passage which would not suffer by comparison with the choicest specimens of oratory, ancient or modern. It occurs in a speech which he made at a great meeting in Birmingham in 1878, under the presidency of Mr. Chamberlain. He compared the service done to Christendom by the Danubian and Balkan States to a shelving beach, itself desolated and made barren by the incessant beating of the waves, but shielding the land that lay behind. The simile is worked out with splendid effect. But the truth is that Mr. Gladstone excelled in so many different kinds of oratory that it is difficult to compare one speech with another, and thus one has heard several of his speeches described as "the finest he ever made." Perhaps it was, on that theme, and in similar circumstances. His speech on "Parliamentary Oaths," in the Bradlaugh controversy, was unrivalled in its own way, and for the immediate purpose. It was a powerful and unimpassioned appeal to the reason, conscience and justice of his audience, and an unanswerable exposure of the harm done to the highest interests of Christianity by identifying them with arguments which were in reality fatal to them.

I have referred to one occasion on which a speech by Mr. Gladstone determined the fate of a Ministry. Certainly on two other occasions—probably more—he won votes to his side which would otherwise have been recorded against him. His speech in the China debate in 1857 converted eight members, making sixteen on a division. His speech at the close of the debate on the Irish University Bill in 1873 converted at least one strong opponent. Lord Wemyss (then Lord Elcho) told Lord Napier and Ettrick, as they walked together to the House of Commons, that he intended to

vote against the bill. After the division, which put the government in a minority of three, Lord Napier remarked to Lord Elcho, "I wonder, Elcho, that you could have listened to that speech and voted against the man who made it." "I listened to the speech," was the answer, "and voted for the man who made it." Lord Napier, in telling me the story, added that it was the finest speech he had ever heard, and he heard the leading orators of America just before the Civil War, as well as some of the best speakers on the Continent. I have always thought that, as an orator, Mr. Gladstone was at his best under the shadow of an impending defeat. I happened to be on his London Election Committee in the General Election of 1865. When we received the news of his defeat at Oxford, Lord Enfield (as he then was) exclaimed: "By George! won't Oxford catch it to-night at Liverpool," where Mr. Gladstone was to open his campaign as a candidate for South Lancashire. Mr. Gladstone's revenge was in the following words: "I have endeavored to serve that University with my whole heart; and with the strength or weakness of whatever faculties God has given me it has been my daily and nightly care to promote her interests, and to testify to her as well as I could my love. Long has she borne with me. Long, in spite of active opposition, did she resist every effort to displace me. At last she has changed her mind. My earnest desire, my heart's prayer, is that her future may be as glorious as her past, and yet more glorious still."

Mr. Gladstone's influence on the political and industrial development of his country is too well known to need any notice here. The story of his conversion to Home Rule for Ireland is not so well known, and a few observations on the subject here may therefore be permitted.

It is a great mistake to suppose that his adoption of Home Rule was a sudden conversion for the sake of office. His political changes were never sudden, however sudden the manifestation of them may sometimes have been. His was a mind in which ideas ripened slowly, and by a perfectly logical proc-

ess of development. His theory of Church and State, for example, was that the State should support the Church as the best equipped and qualified organ for the propagation of the truth, giving full toleration to all other religious denominations. But the idea of supporting any religion on the ground of privilege was always abhorrent to him, as was also the idea of a plurality of State-supported religions. When, therefore, the Establishment of the Irish Church came to be defended, not with a view to its conversion of the Irish people, but for the sake of providing a permanent minority with a privileged religion, Mr. Gladstone's theory demanded, not the maintenance of the Irish Church as an Establishment, but its abolition. But it was his rule never to push premises to their inevitable conclusion till it became clear to him that the question was ripe for solution, and that only evil would result from further delay. Thus he opposed an abstract resolution in favor of disestablishment in Ireland in 1865, while candidly admitting that the case for the Irish Church had been undermined by its proved failure to fulfil its mission, combined with the avowed acquiescence of its advocates in that failure. But when Mr. Disraeli's government propounded in 1867 a scheme for stereotyping the failure by a considerable suppression of ecclesiastical benefices and dignities, Mr. Gladstone was not only justified, he was bound by the logic of his book, to declare against the continued existence of the Irish Church as an Establishment, which would become, under the new scheme, as he wittily remarked, "the Established Church of England and Ulster."

So with Home Rule. A careful student of Mr. Gladstone's speeches on Ireland since 1871 can hardly avoid seeing that his mind was working in the direction of Home Rule, subject only to two conditions, namely, that the paramount authority of the Crown and Imperial Parliament should be secured, and that the Irish people were practically unanimous in demanding it. In a speech on Ireland, in 1882, he opened his mind so plainly on the subject that Mr. David

Plunket characterized the speech as "an invitation to Irish members to re-open the question of Home Rule;" while the *Times* said that Mr. Gladstone "diverged, amid general amazement, into the wide question of a separate Legislature for Ireland."

With that candor and magnanimity which distinguish him, the Duke of Devonshire, after refusing office in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Administration in 1886, declared that his late chief's policy of Home Rule was not the offspring of a crisis, but the maturity of a process extending over some years. "When I look back," he said, "to those declarations which Mr. Gladstone made in Parliament, which have not been infrequent; when I look back to the increased definiteness given to those declarations in his address to the electors of Midlothian and in his Midlothian speeches; I say, when I consider all these things, I feel that I have not, and no one has, any right to complain of the tone of the declarations which Mr. Gladstone has recently made upon this subject."¹

Mr. Gladstone's hesitation down to the general election of 1885 was due to the difficulty of ascertaining the mind of the Irish people on the subject. The assimilation of the Irish Parliamentary Franchise to that of England in 1884 removed that difficulty, and Mr. Gladstone regarded the result of the Irish elections in 1885 as crucial on the subject of Home Rule. In the midst of the general election of that year Mr. Gladstone told a distinguished member of the present government that if, as he suspected, Ireland returned an overwhelming majority in favor of Home Rule, he would accept the decision and support Home Rule, with proper safeguards, as the inevitable solution of the Irish Question. But in dealing with the question in his Midlothian speeches he found himself in this dilemma: how to disclose his mind to the general public without seeming to offer a bribe to the Irish electors, and thereby obscure the spontaneity of their verdict on the subject. In one of his speeches he asked

¹ Speech at the Eighty Club, March 5th, 1886.

for a Liberal majority independent of the Irish vote in the House of Commons: not for the purpose of resisting Home Rule, but in order to be in a position to pass such a scheme of Home Rule as he considered safe, but which he did not then believe that Mr. Parnell would accept. That this was Mr. Gladstone's intention I know from his own lips. In the course of a walk in the woods of Hawarden soon after the elections of 1885, Mr. Gladstone talked quite frankly to me on the subject, and there can be no harm now in repeating what he said, almost, if not altogether, in his own words:—

We are now [he said] in a curious position in the House of Commons. I wanted a majority independent of the Irish Party, in order to have a free hand in dealing with Home Rule, which I believe to be inevitable sooner or later, and therefore the sooner the better. But I have not got my majority. The Liberals on the one side, and the government *plus* the Irish members on the other, are exactly even. Well, I think the best thing would be for Lord Salisbury to propose a Home Rule scheme. He would probably not satisfy the Irish Party, and he would alienate the Irish Tories and some English Tories also; but I would support him as Leader of the Opposition, and carry, I believe, the bulk of the Party with me; and between us we could pass a sound and safe scheme of Home Rule. I shall wait to see what Lord Salisbury will do; and if he decline to take up the question I shall consider that my hands are free.

It would be vain to speculate as to what would have happened if Mr. Gladstone's plan had been adopted; but this at least we may surely say with confidence, that it was not for the sake of office that Mr. Gladstone took up the cause of Home Rule. Had office been his aim the Old Parliamentary Hand would have played his cards better; worse, as a place-hunter, he could not have played them. Soon after the meeting of the Session, the government drove the Irish Party into opposition by its promise of a Coercion Bill. Mr. Gladstone had only to sit still, and he would

have returned to office unpledged, with an overwhelming majority behind him. And he might have relied on the continued support of this majority; since the alternative for the Irish would have been the advent to power of a Coercion government. If I may presume to say so, I think that perhaps Mr. Gladstone would have acted more prudently as a parliamentary tactician if he had waited for the Coercion Bill instead of turning the government out on Mr. Jesse Colling's amendment. But being convinced that the government would not meddle with Home Rule, and that their days were in any case numbered, he evidently thought it best to bring matters to an issue at once. I am betraying no confidence in repeating Mr. Gladstone's conversation with me, for it came out afterwards that, in a subsequent conversation with Mr. Balfour, at Eaton Hall, Mr. Gladstone suggested that Lord Salisbury should deal with the Irish question on Home Rule lines, Mr. Gladstone lending him his support. I believe that never was a minister less enamored of office for office's sake than Mr. Gladstone.

I remember his saying to me, in 1872, with reference to a petty ministerial defeat, inflicted by one of his own supporters, which annoyed him: "It would take very little to make me retire from public life. Office has no attraction for me, except when I am dealing with important questions. The administrative routine of ordinary government work, except in connection with some great measure, does not attract me, and anyone else can do it as well." On the threshold of his great career he retired from the powerful government of Sir Robert Peel, from a scruple of conscience. In 1866 he resigned after defeat on a detail of his Reform Bill, contrary to the advice of his party, and of most of his colleagues. He resigned again in 1885 on a detail of the Budget, and refused to withdraw his resignation, even after Lord Salisbury had expressed great reluctance to take office. He consented to withdraw his resignation in 1873, only because he could not persuade Mr. Disraeli to take office; and

his loyalty prompted him to do what was disagreeable to himself rather than put the queen to inconvenience. Never was there a public man whose character was less tainted by sordid or personal motives. For forty years of his life he was entitled to a pension of £2,000 a year, which he never took; and the only member of his family whose merits received permanent recognition owed his promotion, as was publicly stated at the time, to the favor of the Crown, without any suggestion on the part of Mr. Gladstone.

It used to be the fashion to say that foreign politics did not interest Mr. Gladstone, and that he knew little about foreign affairs. But the simple truth is, that no British Minister of this century has left his mark on foreign politics so deeply, so extensively and so beneficently as Mr. Gladstone. Ask any Italian, whatever be the complexion of his politics, what he thinks of Mr. Gladstone, and he will tell you that, next to Cavour, Mr. Gladstone was the most potent influence in the formation of the Italian kingdom. I had a striking proof of this when sojourning in Rome in the early part of 1874, just after the fall of Mr. Gladstone's government. Breakfasting one day *tête-à-tête* with Cardinal Secone, a most charming man, he referred to British politics, and rejoiced at Mr. Gladstone's fall. On my venturing to suggest that the Vatican owed some gratitude to Mr. Gladstone for his fine speech against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and for his Irish legislation, if for nothing else, his Eminence replied: "Mr. Gladstone is an excellent man. He possesses all the natural virtues; but he is not a Catholic." "And does your Eminence," I asked, "suppose that Mr. Disraeli is a Catholic?" "Well," he said, "he has written a romance called 'Coningsby,' in which he speaks very favorably of the Catholic Church. But, however that may be, Mr. Disraeli is on the side of Legitimacy, and Mr. Gladstone on the side of Revolution. His pamphlet (*libello*) destroyed the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; that led to the unity of Italy, and the robbery of the States of

the Church; Italian unity paved the way for the unity of Germany, which is persecuting us. Next to Cavour, we owe our misfortunes to Mr. Gladstone." That evening I dined with a number of Italian Liberals, including a member of Minghetti's Cabinet. They were as sorry as the cardinal was glad at the change of government in England. "And we have reason to be," said one of them, a Neapolitan nobleman, "for Mr. Gladstone is, next to Cavour, the creator of Italian unity."

In 1858 Mr. Gladstone moved a resolution in favor of the union of the two principalities which have since become the kingdom of Roumania. His speech is worth reading now, not only for its eloquence, but for its comprehensive grasp of the Eastern Question. He was supported by Lord John Russell, and in a brilliant speech by Lord Salisbury (then Lord Robert Cecil). He was opposed by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli (then leader of the House of Commons), and defeated by a large majority. The Russian bugbear was trotted out then also by the two eminent statesmen who united their forces against him. But he had anticipated and refuted that argument in two sentences. After remarking that "the combination of France with England" against Russia was not again to be looked for, he said, "You want to place a barrier between Russia and Turkey; but is there any barrier like the breasts of free men? If you want to oppose an obstacle to Russia, arm those people with freedom, and with the vigor and prosperity that freedom brings."

On whose side was the statesmanship then? And whose policy prevailed at the Congress of Berlin but Mr. Gladstone's? shorn, indeed, of dimensions which would have pacified the European provinces which still belong to Turkey, and which would have prevented the recent disastrous war between Turkey and Greece.¹

¹ It is curious how hard it is to expel from the public mind an error that has once been planted in it. Mr. Gladstone was accused of having advised the expulsion of the Turks, "bag and baggage," from Europe. Even those who strive to

Mr. Gladstone's great speech on the true principles and ideals of foreign policy in the Don Pacifico debate, in 1850, was acknowledged by friends and opponents to be the speech of the debate; no light praise, when it is remembered that among the speakers were Lord Palmerston (who made the ablest speech of his life), Lord John Russell, Sir A. Cockburn, Mr. Disraeli and Sir Robert Peel—the last speech he ever made. That speech alone is proof enough of Mr. Gladstone's comprehensive and prescient views on foreign politics.

I quote the following interesting extract from my diary, with the date of "Hawarden, April 16th, 1881":—

At dinner to-day I read to Mr. Gladstone the following quotation from an article on the second volume of Bishop Wilberforce's Life in the *St. James's Gazette*, of April 12th: "We know this, that Mr. Gladstone, if he pleased, might have led the House of Commons under Lord Derby; and that Mr. Disraeli, though he had led the Opposition some years, would have consented, for the sake of the party, to take a lower place."

Mr. Gladstone said the facts were as follows: On the formation of Lord Derby's government in 1852 overtures were made to Mr. Gladstone to join it. He declined. In 1854, on the fall of the Aberdeen Ministry, Lord Derby asked Lord Palmerston to take office under him, and "bring Gladstone and Sidney Herbert in his pocket." Lord Palmerston declined, and the offer to the other two fell to the ground. They were not offered office independently, but would have declined if they had been. "In 1858," Mr. Gladstone went on, "Disraeli wrote a most curious letter to me,

be accurate are apt to trust to their memories instead of verifying their impressions. So well informed a man as Sir M. Grant Duff said at the time in the *Nineteenth Century*: "The most popular politician in England has proposed that the Turkish Government should be expelled from Europe, bag and baggage." What Mr. Gladstone proposed was that the Turkish administration should "all, bag and baggage, clear out," not "from Europe" but "from the provinces which they have desolated and profaned."

which is still in my possession, urging me to take office under him. No offer was ever made to me to lead the House of Commons in a Conservative government."

During my visit to Hawarden on that occasion Mr. Forster broke his journey from Ireland, and spent some hours at Hawarden. It was just after Lord Beaconsfield's death, and the question of his successor was discussed at luncheon. Forster thought Sir Stafford Northcote the likeliest and the most competent. Mr. Gladstone differed. He thought the Duke of Richmond the likeliest, and Lord Salisbury the ablest man in the party, and said the ablest man, *ceteris paribus*, ought to be leader. Northcote's ability he rated highly, but said that he was not a good leader, owing to his failure to assert his convictions. "I told Northcote, one day in 1879, that he had the best abilities of any man since Sir Robert Peel for a good Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that he made the very worst." I asked how Northcote took it. "He was much pleased," said Mr. Gladstone. "He evidently accepted my compliment to his abilities as my unbiassed conviction, and regarded my censure as the offspring of prejudice." Another proof of Sir Stafford Northcote's deficiency for leadership, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion—much as he regarded him personally—was an incident connected with the Bradlaugh episode. Mr. Gladstone was unfortunately out of Parliament at the opening of that controversy, having been obliged to vacate his seat on taking office. Meeting Sir Stafford at the Royal Academy dinner on the Saturday after his re-election, they talked the matter over. Sir Stafford suggested the appointment of a non-party committee to examine the question. Mr. Gladstone thought the suggestion good, and proposed the committee accordingly on Monday. To his amazement and indignation, Sir Stafford Northcote opposed it, under the intimidation of Lord Randolph Churchill and his party.

In his generous speech a fortnight ago Lord Salisbury picked out Mr. Gladstone's unswerving pursuit of "high

moral ideals" as the distinguishing note of his character, furnishing almost a unique example "of a great Christian man." That is a true appreciation, and I would venture to pick out the following among the elements of that character:—

(1.) His wonderful faculty of pity; a magnetic power of sympathy which made him feel the sufferings of others as if they were his own. His unparalleled series of speeches and pamphlets on the Turkish question from 1876 to 1880 were discharged red hot from a nature all on fire against oppression and cruelty. His vivid imagination, like Burke's, brought the victims of Turkish cruelty so close to him that he could almost see their agonized faces and hear their despairing cries. The King of the Hellenes, in a recent letter of tender inquiry after Mr. Gladstone's health, wrote: "I am following, with intense anxiety, the newspaper reports. I must express my sincere sorrow that *he*, of all men, should suffer so much; he who has been himself the comforter of so many mourners in many lands."

(2.) Mr. Gladstone's veracity; by which I mean not merely the habit of speaking the truth, but the habitual correspondence of outward action with internal conviction. I don't believe that Mr. Gladstone ever wilfully misrepresented an opponent in controversy or debate; or ever used an argument which, however plausible and useful at the moment, he could not justify to his own conscience. This was the cause of his occasionally involved style of speaking. He thought—as every great orator must in a large measure—on his legs, and his anxiety to make his meaning plain, and to be just all round, tempted him to expand and qualify. I remember his saying once that the only men he ever knew in public life who had the faculty of saying in their speeches precisely what they meant, neither more nor less, were Lord Palmerston and Mr. Parnell. "I don't possess it at all," he said. But his speeches differ widely in that respect. Some are models of lucidity—his financial statements, for example; and some are keen, crisp, epigrammatic

and quite free from parenthetical amplification. His prose style, too, wonderfully improved with practice. There was always a stately dignity about it. But some of his later essays are models of chaste and sometimes brilliant English.

(3.) Another rare element in Mr. Gladstone's character was his magnificent courage. Let him be convinced that it was right to do a thing, and if that thing fell within his line of duty he did it, or tried to do it, without ever thinking of the possible consequences to himself. The Alabama Treaty was one instance. He knew that it would make him unpopular; but believing it to be, at bottom, equitable, and that it was the initiation of a great principle, that of peaceful arbitration, he braved the unpopularity of the hour and sacrificed the present for the sake of the future. And we are now reaping the reward in the cordial relations between the two countries—relations which, but for the Alabama Treaty, would have been impossible.

(4.) And his passion for justice was equal to his courage. It roused him to attack the misgovernment of the Two Sicilies, as it did later the iniquities of Turkish rule. Nor was he less resolute in the cause of justice when the popular tide ran fiercely against him. His opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is one out of many examples of this. He was one of a miserable minority of ninety-five against four hundred and thirty-eight, both Liberals and Conservatives having united their forces in support of the bill. Mr. Gladstone's speech is very powerful, ending with a noble peroration, in which he expressed his conviction that "a generous people" would one day reverse the verdict of unreasoning passion. But in any case his course, he said, was clear—"to follow the bright star of justice, beaming brightly from the heavens, whithersoever it might lead." His confidence in the triumph of justice was justified sooner than he had expected. For it fell to his own lot, twenty years later, to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill without an opposing voice.

I may give another instance of his

passion for justice which tells against myself. I chanced to write, in 1878, a rather long article on Lord Beaconsfield in the *Spectator*. Mr. Gladstone asked me, next time I saw him, if I knew who wrote the article. I told him. He said something complimentary, but added: "There is one point on which, I think, you are not quite just to Lord Beaconsfield. You think him a man of political animosities." I assented, and appealed to the speeches against Sir Robert Peel by way of proof. "I am sure you are wrong," said Mr. Gladstone. "My belief is, that Lord Beaconsfield has no political animosities; and I think I ought to know, for I have sat opposite to him as an opponent now for a good many years. What is true is, that he would spare no effort to trample on me while I was an opponent. But that was part of his game. Now that I am no longer opposite him as an official opponent, my belief is that Lord Beaconsfield has no animosity against me at all, as I have certainly none against him. Indeed, there are traits in his character and career for which I shall always honor him: his gallant defence of his race, for example, his devotion to his wife, and his splendid parliamentary pluck."

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

From *Les Annales*.
THE MISERY IN ITALY.

What a charming sight, after the gloomy Mt. Cenis, is the broad Lombard plain! The barbarians in the remote past felt its irresistible fascination. I fancy it has always been what it is to-day—always cultivated, always fertile, always green and marvelously watered. What freshness springs from the tiny canals which weave their blue meshes all about the pedestrian! They cross the high-ways, traverse the fields, all but meet and then withdraw, empty into some main channel which bears the fruitifying water still further; never tired of running, never lost. Thanks to these

canals, the fields yield four or five crops of hay, the rice bows low its head, the lucerne looks like a blossoming wilderness and the Indian corn like a sugar plantation. All this land is wonderfully good, and still the population is poor.

Here we have an astonishing problem repeated almost everywhere throughout Italy: passing from one city to another, even without stopping or questioning one cannot help perceiving the contrast between the soil which gives everything—or might give everything—and the peasant, too often miserably indigent; wasted by the *pellagra*, as in Lombardy, or forced to emigrate, as in Calabria. The villages along our route have nothing of the clean and cheerful air of those of France or Switzerland. Seen from afar, their tiled roofs gleaming from a distant hill-top, they have an alluring outline. While the train rushes on at full speed, you find yourself thinking: "What a strange place! those gable-ends storming the summit, those narrow streets seen at a flash, the castle overlooking the valley, all this unsuspected nook of earth, where no one ever stops—how interesting it would be to explore it all! how I should like!" But I have been to many of them—the least known, the most medieval—and, on the spot, they proved to be so sad, so absolutely miserable, that the impression of their picturesqueness, for a moment all-powerful, faded and disappeared, leaving only pity for the inhabitants.

For this mass of poor human beings is a mass of plodding toilers. I know nothing more erroneous than the prejudice which insists on representing the Italians as a race of *lazzaroni*, sprawling in the sun, clothed in brilliant rags and begging of each passing stranger. Look at them—those who are digging the trenches in the rice-fields and along the road-side—those who are breaking the clods of the fallow-field where to-morrow they will sow the winter wheat—those who, in bands of twenty, men and women together, are hanging to the outer joists of the farm-house

the tawny ears of maize, the *gran turco* of which they will make *polekta*. Do they ever stop work? Do they look like stage-peasants? I have met bands of them on the great estates at the base of the Apennines, I have found them again in the Roman Campagna, about Naples, at Reggio di Calabria. In Sicily, a Frenchman, foreman of the Duke d'Aumale's vineyards, has assured me that they were more laborious, more patient, readier to work, than the French. Others have said to me in speaking of the Romagna, where I have never been: "They are the best diggers in the world." Everywhere, whenever I have been in Italy, the same testimony has been offered on behalf of this brave and unfortunate race. There has been no novelist or poet to describe, with sympathy, the sufferings and the courage of these humble folk,¹ the villages, half-abandoned during the winter and spring, the life, with its unknown tragedies, the bands which camp in the *Agro Romano* under the charge of the overseer, and what they say, when evening comes, in the huts where the nomad shepherds make the ewe's milk into cheese. Had such arisen, the Italian peasant would stand to-day between the moujik of our dreams and the obstinate cultivator of the soil of France. And the question becomes more insistent: "Whence all this misery?" To answer fully we should need to take each province separately, and study the local causes (method of culture, division of property, climate, general health, hygiene), all those profound differences of race and temperament which make it possible for the peasant of the Æmilia or of Tuscany to raise a family, though he continues to cultivate the ground, and which render so precarious the condition of the inhabitant of other districts. But

the principal reason for this distress is the crushing taxation which weighs upon the country.

"Is it not lamentable?" said a farmer of North Italy. "What prosperity, what spirit of enterprise, what progress can you expect in a country whose soil is taxed thirty-three per cent. of its net revenue? And I am not speaking of our dwellings, on which, thanks to the fantastic valuation of the treasury, we sometimes pay fifty or even sixty per cent. on the sum invested in them." Count Iacini could indeed say with truth that the provincial and communal governments did not so much lay a burden on the soil, as literally strip it bare.

Add to this usury, still very common, notwithstanding the establishment of "banks for the people," in the North that terrible disease, the *pellagra*, the deplorable condition of thousands of country dwellings, which the proprietor lacks either the means or the humanity to repair, and, without enquiring further, you will understand why socialism found its first adherents in Italy among the agricultural laborers. The peasant had not desired the overthrow of the earlier governments, he never caught the contagion of the Mazzinian propaganda, he has remained quite indifferent to his political rights; but for twenty years he has been giving more and more earnest heed to the preachers of socialistic doctrine, to those who say to him in a language adapted to his rudimentary development: "You have nothing, they have everything. Oust them and take their place!" Lombardy, Venetia, the Æmilia, the Marches, contain country districts deeply imbued with socialism. The evil is spreading. The riots which break out each year in some spot or other show this. Nor do the papers, rarely read by these ignorant people, contribute most to this propaganda, nor even the speeches of the heads of the movement, such as Costa and Maffei. The true, the most dangerous agents, of rural socialism are the teachers in the primary schools.

Notwithstanding the disproportionate

¹ M. Bazin is mistaken. Both that extraordinarily powerful writer, Matilde Serao, and the author of "In Risnia," who writes under the name of the Marchese Colombo, have described with the keenest sympathy and a heart-piercing force of appeal the sufferings of the rural poor in Italy.—TRANSLATOR.

share which they claim of the production of the ground, neither the Central Government, the provinces nor the communes are rich. It does not need a political economist to see this. An under secretary of state, in the department of public instruction, declared recently before the electors of Gallarate that three hundred and forty-eight communes, belonging to thirty-one provinces, paid their schoolmasters irregularly, and were in arrears towards one thousand and forty-five of these interesting creditors. This is an official fact. But daily life offers a thousand others no less significant. I remember, some two years since, that a telegraph employee paid me an order in gold. I thanked him for doing this and he smiled. This time I have had no such luck. The only gold pieces which I have seen were those which I myself paid out. The silver five-franc piece is not to be found; those of two and one franc are none too common, and often, in the small towns, they will propose, if you wish to break a note, to give you the change in copper. After having vainly tried to do better, I have often been forced to take ten francs' worth of pennies. They are very heavy!

I could multiply examples, but to what purpose? The Italians readily admit their poverty. The comparison between France, which is rich, and Italy, which is not so, is ever present to their eyes—it even counts for much in that feeling of jealousy—jealousy rather than enmity—which some of them feel towards us. They realize that they are stopped or hampered in their enterprises, in their great works of general interest, by lack of capital. And this wound to their self-love is all the more painful to them because of their justifiable confidence in their own merits.

One cannot make repeated stays in Italy without being struck by the great amount of labor and intelligence which are expended there, the projects of all kinds which are discussed, the worth of the men whom one meets. And finally one comes to think: "An

Italy which arms, and exhausts herself in order to arm, is far from being, as has been said, a negligible quantity. But an Italy which should reflect and save money would be redoubtable. All Italy is ready for a start. If she only knew!"

I was on my way back to France. I had taken the Cornice route, and was between Genoa and Ventimiglia, close to the French frontier. Owing to an accident which had happened on the road the night before, and which had caused us to miss our connection, we had been forced to take a slow train, which stopped at all the little stations scattered along the Riviera. Worn out with the interminable journey, anxious to be back in France, I gave but languid glances toward the ever-beautiful bays and the glorious mountains beyond San Remo. Travellers of all sorts had entered the car and left it, without the idea of exchanging a word having crossed my mind or theirs. Finally, at a signal station, an old gentleman with long, bristling hair, whose overcoat flapped about his ankles, made his way to the seat opposite mine. Even before the train started this expansive traveller had enquired my nationality—"English?"

"No."

"Slav?"

"No, French."

"Ah!" said he, with a lift of his arms, "I remember when the French were so popular in Piedmont, when I was a boy. I am a doctor."

"Ah!"

"I was there when your troops entered Milan. Your troops mingled with ours. You cannot conceive the enthusiasm. Your soldiers and the Italians exchanged caps. Ladies, great ladies, whose names I still remember, kissed them. Flowers rained from the windows. And the flags, and the triumphal arches, and the repeated cries—'Vive la France! Vive l'Italie!' How fine it all was! For my part, I tended your wounded, sir!"

I asked, on the chance, "Do you know General F—?"

"Captain F—?"

"No, he has become a general since then."

"Know him! I carried him in my arms. I was an adjutant, ordered to escort a train of wounded to Brescia. I took the captain out and put him on the litter myself when we got to the city. And he said, 'That is good! You carry me as if I were a baby. It doesn't hurt me now at all.' We had meant to go to the hospital. Rather not! Everybody, all the rich people in the city, were quarrelling for the honor of caring for the French soldiers. Do you expect to see him?"

"Certainly."

"He must remember me. Tell him you met old Doctor S—, who lives quite out of the world, at Pieve di Teco, but who is glad he remembers the days of Palestro, Magenta and Solferino. Alas, those days when Frenchmen and Italians understood and loved one another will never dawn again!"

I answered, "*Chi lo sa?*" (Who knows?)

He looked at me, astonished, winking fast with emotion, and as the train slackened speed and he rose to leave, at the last Italian station but one, he seized and pressed both my hands: "Perhaps you are right, sir, *chi lo sa?*"

RENE BAZIN.

Translated for The Living Age.

From The Speaker.

OXFORD IN THE 'THIRTIES.

The evening of a prolonged life has its compensations and its duties. Its compensations: the Elder, who, reverend like Shakespeare's Nestor "for his outstretched life," has attained through old experience something of prophetic strain, reaps no less keen enjoyment from personal remembrance of the times which those around him know roughly from the page of history or not at all. Its duties: to hand on, and to depict with the fascinating touch of first-hand recollection, the incidents and

action, the characteristics and the scenery of that vanished past, which in his own memory still survives, but must be scattered like the Sibyl's leaves should he pass off the stage uncommunicative and unrecording.

The nineteenth century, in the second intention of the term, opens with the 'thirties; its first two decades belong to and conclude an earlier epoch. The 'thirties saw the birth of railroads and of the penny post; they invented lucifer matches; they witnessed Parliamentary reform and the opening of London University; they hailed the accession of Victoria; in their earlier years Charles Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, John Henry Newman, began variously to influence the world; while with Scott, Crabbe, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, all but a few patriarchs of the older school of literature passed away; men now alive who were born in the reign of George IV. recall and can describe an England as different from the England of our closing century as monarchic France under the Capets differed from republican France to-day. Nowhere was the breach with the past more absolute than in Oxford. The university over which the Duke of Wellington was installed as chancellor owned undissolved continuity with the Oxford of Addison, Thomas Hearne, the Wartons, Bishop Lowth; the seeds of the changes which awaited it—of church movements, museums and art galleries, local examinations, science degrees, extension lectures, women's colleges—germinating unsuspected while the old warrior was emitting his genial false quantities in the Theatre, were to begin their transforming growth before the period which he adorned had found its close. The Oxford, then, of the 'thirties, its scenery and habits, its humors and its characters, its gossip and its wit, shall be first amongst the dry bones in the valley of forgetfulness which I will try to clothe with flesh.

It was said in those days that the approach to Oxford by the Henley road was the most beautiful in the world. Soon after passing Littlemore you came in sight of, and did not lose again, the

sweet city with its dreaming spires, driven along a road now crowded and obscured with dwellings, open then to cornfields on the right, to uninclosed meadows on the left, with an unbroken view of the long line of towers, rising out of foliage less high and less veiling than after sixty more years of growth to-day. At once, without suburban interval, you entered the finest quarter of the town, rolling under Magdalen Tower and past the Magdalen elms, then in full, unmutated luxuriance, till the exquisite curves of the High Street opened on you, as you drew up at the Angel, or passed on to the Mitre and the Star. Along that road or into Oxford by the St. Giles's entrance lumbered at midnight Pickford's vast wagons with their six musically belled horses; sped stage-coaches all day long—Tantivy, Defiance, Rival, Mazeppa, Dart, Magnet, Blenheim and some thirty more; heaped high with ponderous luggage; thickly hung at Christmas time with turkeys, with pheasants in October; their guards, picked buglers, sending before them as they passed Magdalen Bridge the now almost forgotten strains of "Brigall Banks," "The Troubadour," "I'd be a Butterfly," "The Maid of Llangollen," or "Begone, Dull Care;" on the box their queer old purple-faced, many-caped drivers—Cheeseman, Steevens, Charles Homes, Jack Adams and Black Will. This last jehu, spending three nights of the week in Oxford, three in London, maintained in both a home, presided over by two wives, with each of whom he had gone through the marriage ceremony, and had for many years—so distant was Oxford then from London—kept each partner ignorant of her sister's existence. The story came out at last; but the wives seem not to have objected, and it was the business of no one else; indeed, had he been indicted for bigamy, no Oxford jury could have been found to convict Black Will.

The coaches were horsed by Richard Costar, as great an original as any of his men; he lived in the picturesque house on the Cherwell, just opposite Magdalen Turnpike, having two en-

trance gates, one each side of the pike, so that he could always elude payment. I remember standing within his railings to see the procession of royal carriages which brought Queen Adelaide to Oxford in 1835. She drove about in semi-state, attending New College and Magdalen Chapels, lunching at Queen's and holding a court at the Angel. Opposite to her in the carriage sat always the Duke of Wellington in his gold-tasselled cap, more cheered and regarded than the quiet, plain-looking queen. The Mayor of Oxford was an old Mr. Wooten, brewer and banker, dressed always in blue brass-buttoned coat, cords, top-boots and powdered hair. He was told that he must pay his respects to the queen; so he drove to the Angel in his wonderful one-horse chaise, a vehicle in which Mr. and Mrs. Bubbs might have made their historic excursion to Brighton, and was introduced to her Majesty by the chamberlain, Lord Howe. She held out her hand to be kissed; the mayor shook it heartily, with the salutation: "How d'y'e do, marm; how's the king?" I saw Queen Victoria two years afterwards proclaimed at Carfax; and in the general election of 1837 I witnessed from the windows of Dr. Rowley, Master of University, the chairing of the successful candidates, Donald Maclean of Balliol and William Erle of New College, afterwards chief justice of the queen's bench. Erle rode in a fine open carriage with four white horses; Maclean was borne aloft, as was the custom, in a chair on four men's shoulders. Just as he passed University, I saw a man beneath me in the crowd fling at him a large stone. Maclean, a cricketer and athlete, saw it coming, caught it, dropped it, and took off his hat to the man, who disappeared from view in the onset made upon him by the mob; and, as Bunyan says of Neighbor Pliable, I saw him no more. Maclean was a very handsome man, owing his election, it was said, to his popularity among the wives of the electors; he died insolvent and in great poverty some years afterwards.

The university life was not without its brilliant social side. The heads of

houses, with their families, formed a class apart, exchanging solemn dinners and consuming vasty deeps of port; but the abler resident Fellows, the younger professors and one or two notable outsiders made up convivial sets with whose wit, fun, frolic, there is no comparison in modern Oxford. The Common Rooms to-day are swamped by shop; while general society, infinitely extended by the abolition of college celibacy, is correspondingly diluted. Tutors and professors are choked with distinctions and redundant with educational activity; they lecture, they write, they edit, they athleticize, they are scientific or theological or historical or linguistic; they fulfil presumably some wise end or ends. But one accomplishment of their forefathers has perished from among them—they no longer *talk*. In the 'thirties, conversation was a fine art; choice sprouts of the brain, epigram, anecdote, metaphor, now nursed carefully for the printer, were joyously lavished on one another by the men and women of those bibulous but pleasant days, who equipped themselves at leisure for the wit combats each late supper-party provoked, following on the piquet or whist, which was the serious business of the evening. I possess a little MS. volume of lampoons, impromptus, satires, scintillating through the lustres from those *cœnæ deûm*. Their talk ranged wide; their scholarship was not technical but monumental; they were no philologists, but they knew their authors—their authors, not classical only, but of medieval, renaissance, modern Europe. I remember how Christopher Erle, eccentric Fellow of New College, warmed with more than one glass of ruby Carbonel, would pour out Æschylus and Dante by the yard. Hammond of Merton, son to Canning's secretary and biographer, knew Pope by heart, quoting him always effectively and to the point. There was a famous surgeon, commemorated in "Reginald Dalton," not a member of the university, but probably the most sparkling conversationalist amongst all those racy symposiasts, on whom it was betted against heavy odds that he would

repeat ten consecutive lines from any place at which he might be set on, in Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Lope de Vega. The bet was won. This wonderful memory made him an adept at cards. David Gregorie, a well-known London magistrate, hearing of his prowess, challenged him to a three nights' contest at piquet. It took place at Oxford in a select gathering of experts; and Mr. Gregorie returned to Queen's Square £300 the poorer. A select few ladies, jovial spinsters chiefly, added to the charm of these convivialities. Attired in short silk dresses—for Queen Adelaide was proud of her foot and ankle—sandal-shoes, lace tippets, hair dressed in what the *Rolliad* calls "flocking" curls, they took their part in whist or at quadrille, this last a game I fear forgotten now, bearing their full share in the Attic supper-table till their sedan-chairs came to carry them away. Famous amongst them for audacity no less than wit was Rachel Burton, "Jack" Burton as she was called, daughter to a canon of Christchurch, whose flirtations with old Blucher, on the visit of the allied sovereigns, had amused a former generation, and who still survived to propagate anecdotes not always fit for ears polite. Amongst her eccentricities she once won the Newdegate: the judges, agreed upon the poem which deserved the prize, broke the motto'd envelope to find within the card of Miss Rachel Burton. I remember her, bewigged, red faced, stout, living in the corner house of what was then called Coach and Horse Lane. Another of these vestals was Miss, or, as she liked to be called, Mrs. Horseman, dressy and made up, and posthumously juvenile, but retaining something of the beauty which had won the heart of Lord Holland's eldest son years before, when at Oxford with his tutor Shuttlesworth, until her ladyship took the alarm, swept down and carried him off; and had attracted admiring notice from the prince regent in the Theatre, as she sat in the ladies' gallery with her lovely sister, Mrs. Nicholas. Her memory was an inexhaustible treasure-house of all the apt sayings, comic inci-

dents, memorable personages, of the past thirty years, as she dispensed gossip and green tea to her guests in the quaint drawing-room of her house in Skimmery Hall Lane, hung round with valuable Claude engravings in their old black frames. She lies just outside St. Mary's Church; I see her grave through the railings as I pass along the street. That is the final record of all those charming antediluvians: "Arl gone to churchyard," says Betty Muxworthy in "Lorna Doone." It is something to recall and fix the *Manes Acheronte remissos*: there are many besides ready to obey my lure, and I may have more to say of some of them; but, for this time, "*la farce est jouée, tire le rideau!*"

NESTOR.

From The Contemporary Review.
IN ANDALUSIA WITH A BICYCLE.

To those few cyclers who first marked the roads of Europe and America with their wheel-tracks, there comes a time in these last years when they, the laughed-at and the pelted, though now aged and wrinkled, would again start on voyages of discovery, astonish the natives and amuse themselves. It is a common failing, this love of adventure, this passion of discovery, this desire to make a record in sport. The Alpine climber who conquered the Matterhorn was forced to conquer the Andes. Those who stormed the lesser heights have also struggled with the greater Caucasus and the mighty Himalayas; while the man who shot the rabbit and hunted the hare never rested until he had exterminated the buffalo and had been clawed by the lion. But while the hunter of the animal and the climber of the peak won their immediate applause from their followers, and their pleasure was but for themselves alone, the cycling explorer was followed by an admiring, or a disapproving, audience worthy of the envy of the Knight of the Lyceum. And while the

Alpinist and the shootist endured cold, and bad dinners, and no beds, the cycling discoverer was received as a hero and a herald. He was, and is, fêted, and his coming is a triumphal progress, at times only equalled by the circus. He, too, may, if he wishes, be uncomfortable, be miserable. He may girdle the world, or get him to Greenland or Central Asia. But why should he? There are even yet worlds to discover which possess good roads and good inns.

I do not pretend to have been the first person to cycle in Spain, or even to tour there. But only a few months ago I rode up and down many highways and byways of that land where no one had ever been seen on a wheel.

Unless you are possessed of unlimited time and no definite object, Spain is too far away from England to ride to, and too big a country to tour all over after you get there. But at this season I can conceive of no more delightful place for a trip. You should start early enough to see Holy Week, with its religious processions and its bull-fights, mainly now the prey of the tourist-agent and his tripper, and you should stay until the sultry days of summer drive you from that lovely land.

Work took me to Spain and to Andalusia, and knowing that there were no railways where I was going, and knowing also the Spanish diligence, my choice lay between the mule and the bicycle, and having an unconquerable dread of the former and a great love for the latter, I ordered a new machine. There are three ways of travelling to Andalusia: by road, by rail or by sea. I chose the last, which is simplest. For a considerable sum of money one will be taken by the P. and O. straight to Gibraltar, though that company's regulations for the carriage of cycles as passenger's luggage are as vexatious as could well be devised, and the promise that the bicycle will be put ashore by them free, at Gibraltar, is as empty as the Spanish proverb that "Oaths are only words, and words are only wind."

Once the cyclist has got into Gibraltar his first object will be to get out of it, and for him, there is but one way out. Though there is a cycle club in the town, its members rarely, if ever, so far as I know, wheel beyond the Neutral Ground. Even a major of grenadiers, who one might imagine, having been sent to protect England's interests in Gibraltar, would know something of the roads, something of the means of Spanish approach or attack, wrote: "There are no roads outside the Rock, nor, I understand, for many miles from here—roads that are practicable for riding; they are useless." I saw at once that I was in for a voyage of discovery; at once I was to have the delightful, if wearying, experience of the pioneer, the discoverer, which has been my lot in half the countries of Europe. My two days in Gibraltar were squandered in attempting to repair the carelessness of the English maker, who had sent my machine without any tools. But the habits of the ironmonger in Gibraltar differ very little from those of the ironmonger in the heart of Spain, and the second morning I started with a new Dunlop tire, which would not hold air, and an empty tool-bag. A man in the market, who combined the functions of butcher, purveyor of drinks and hirer of bicycles, assured me that there was a road—as a matter of fact, I knew it, though the British government may not, and the C. T. C. does not—from Gibraltar to Cadiz. But I was told on all sides that it would cost me more to get the bicycle into Spain than it was worth.

Nevertheless, I steamed across the bay of Algeciras, and mounted upon the pier, almost the only one in Spain to which boats approach. Save for a polite hope that I might "go with God," I heard nothing from the custom officers. If Gibraltar is altogether English where it is not Oriental, Algeciras, away from the sea-front, is as Spanish, or rather as Moorish, as it was a thousand years ago. A good road winds up and down over the hills, through the cork woods to Tarifa. All along one has glimpses to the left of

the Rock piling itself up in a more and more romantic silhouette. At length, as the sudden night was coming on—for I had started late in the afternoon—I saw below me, at the foot of a long, steep hill, a white town, with its flat roofs and its mosque pale against the deep blue sea, with the mountains of Africa towering high behind it. A fierce wind blew me onward. Shrouded female figures, their faces hidden to the eyes with veils, passed. I thought this was to shield them from the cold March wind. But they had covered their heads, I learned the next morning, because it was the universal Moorish custom more than a thousand years ago. I came down the hill as carefully as possible with my brake on, dodging the huge stones, big as your head, with which the drivers block their carts in climbing up, the stones which nobody would ever think of removing from where they lie, in the middle of every Spanish highroad. Suddenly, up sprang a huge hound, followed by two men. Right at the wheel and at me he charged. It was a case of going over the beast or over a boulder as high as a curb. I went straight at the stone. There was a shock, a sickening sense of smashing, a feeling that I was turning a somersault in the air, and, I know not how long after, I found myself lying on my back with my legs hanging over a small precipice. It was darker. The men and dog had disappeared. I picked myself up and then the bicycle. I thought the wheel had turned completely round; but I saw that the forks were bent as much backward as a few minutes before they had curved out in front. So much for my brand-new, specially strong, thirty-guinea bicycle. I pulled the forks back. This and the way the cycle did not take the stone were positive proof of the strength of British steel in that machine.¹ The

¹ This is the only English bicycle perfectly rotten I have ever had from a decent firm, and this firm the only one I ever came across so careless as to send out a machine without tools, imperfect bearings, and with worthless tires, and so completely indifferent to my comfort, my pleasure and my safety.

wheel would scarcely turn. In the darkness I walked into the near town, and asked a policeman for the hotel. He laughed. Hotel! why there was none in that part of Spain. And yet I was barely outside the lights of Gibraltar. But I could stop there—and he pointed to a black hole in a bare, blank, white wall.

Inside it was also bare and blank; a swinging lamp, a bird-cage and two or three rush-bottomed chairs. A muffled, cloaked figure motioned me silently to put the bicycle in a corner. It was too dark to try and repair it, and I went out. Tarifa is dead at night, and in the daytime it is peopled only with stories of Moors and of Spaniards; but every one knows that it is one of the most historic towns of Europe, for it saw the beginning of the Moorish invasion which made Spain, and almost the last act in that tremendous drama which ruined the country. From the watch-towers the smoke of combat, both at Gibraltar and Trafalgar, must have been seen, while all around are the battlefields of Taric and of Roderick. Now nothing but the diligence twice a week wakes it.

I was told that in an hour dinner would be ready. I wondered what I should get; for every one has recounted the miseries, the horrors, the terrors of the Spanish inn. Long after the hour it was served. I had brought nothing to eat. I had heard that the Spanish inn furnishes nothing. Still it did produce a dinner as good as anything one would find in provincial France or Italy, much better than anything one could ever hope for in provincial England—a dinner to which only those who do not know how to dine would object. As I brought no blanket, no cloak, I was given a charming bedroom, cleaner, fresher than many in a swell hotel, and I slept, despite my broken bicycle and the thought of the trip ruined before I had fairly started.

After struggling with the machine, and technical Spanish terms, and a delightful engineer, who assisted, the wheel was made ridable after a fashion. Slowly and cautiously I pedalled

my way by the foot of the Torre de la Pena. It mattered little to me at the moment whether, close by, on one side Taric routed Roderick, the last of the Goths, or on the other Alonso overthrew Yusuf of Granada. For just at that moment the wretched machine came to pieces again. It was appropriate that Africa should be blotted out and a hailstorm sweep up from the Laguna de la Janda. If the winds brought me no walls from dying Goth and Moor, they carried from me anything but blessings on that British bicycle-maker. The head had screwed up tight on my thirty-guinea machine, and I had no tools to loosen it. But luckily, as Fate would have it, by came the diligence, and the bicycle and I were hoisted on the top. And drenched with rain and baked with hot sun—for the storms rush with incredible rapidity down from the Sierras—we finally, long after night, entered Cadiz. The road, I may say, for any one who is an experienced tourist, with a strong, reliable machine, is fairly good, and for more than half the distance it follows the coast-line, and then runs inland to San Fernando, and thence across the great sea-dyke to Cadiz.

That night before Easter, the streets of the city I had last seen scorching in the summer sun were crowded with the Confraternities which, during Holy Week, parade, with their saints and their insignia, every town of Andalusia; which amaze you, out of Seville, with their splendor, whether in the lonely village of the mountains or the populous city of the plain. If gorgeous pomp in ceremonial and form is art, and the chanting, prayerful wall always recurring is religion, art and religion in Spain are more imposing and impressive than anywhere else in the world.

Next day, though I could have hired bicycles, or bought bicycles, I could find no one who could repair bicycles, until finally I made a descent upon a manufacturer of iron bedsteads, and repaired the machine myself, which shows the advantage of being a crafts-

man. I must say, however, that I had so little confidence in my own mechanical skill that I put the wheel in the train and took it to Seville, and thus traversed the two longest stretches of good road in Andalusia, the one in a diligence, the other by rail, which was a splendid commencement to a bicycle tour. At Seville, however, things were made as right as was possible, I thought, though I seriously considered trading my new English cycle for an old Spanish one, and, as far as my tour went, I wish I had.

I stayed in Seville for several days, and assisted at that most outrageous of humbugs and swindles, the Holy Week. The only function which is at all worth the twenty-five pesetas a day charged at the hotels is the bull-fight. However, my main object was to ride over the old route from Seville to Granada, the route made famous by Washington Irving, though it has been travelled by almost every character in Moorish, Spanish or early American history. No one accompanied me out of the city on that bright April morning, but, as Irving in his journey to the Alhambra, whither I was bound, had so little difficulty in finding his way, I anticipated even less. And I followed, gayly enough, the sidepath by the Moorish aqueduct, which still furnishes the city with water; for most of Spain's luxuries are but the wrecks of Moorish necessities. By and by the road degenerated. I thought it was only a few miles to Alcañ de Guadaira. But it was nearly twenty ere I saw the Moorish Alcazar high above the ancient town. The morning was so bright and so fresh that I thought I would push on, as Irving did, to Gandul. The tolerable inn which was there in his day seemed to have disappeared, and instead of "the fat curate and the gossiping millers resting at midday," at nine or ten that morning the populace turned out and stoned me. And, cursing them as well as I was able in Spanish, I rode away straight across the rolling plain bounded by the mountains of Ronda. The road was good, and I expected, as

I had merely about thirty miles to ride, that at the worst I should do it in some four hours, for I am not one of those who, on a tour, pretend to make records. But as I went onwards the road turned, and I was struck full in the face by a cold blast from the mountains. It swept across the plain harder and harder. The dust and the sand, and even the small pebbles, rose up and stung me and blinded me. Hour after hour I pegged on; I could have walked almost as fast. It was two o'clock—it was three, and I had had nothing to eat since five in the morning. A solitary shepherd greeted my question for the nearest inn with a burst of laughter, and I realized, just as rain was added to the wind, that I was in "one of those vast plains common in Spain, where for miles and miles there is neither house nor tree. Unlucky the traveller who has to traverse it, exposed to heavy and repeated showers of rain. There is no escape nor shelter." By the time I had lived through one shower I could see another slowly, but inevitably, approaching, and, though the sun shone between them, it neither dried me nor warmed me, and the cold wind chilled me to the bone. There was nothing to eat; there was nothing to drink; there was not a soul upon the road, which I could see for miles ahead. Fainting, blinded, wet and famished, after about six hours of incessant shoving, I reached the foot of the hill upon which Arahal stands, white and shining. Had there been a trap to cart my machine, or a boy to shove it, or any place to leave it, I should not have struggled a foot farther. But not a soul did I see until I was well in the town, and there the first person saved my life. He was a small boy with a basket of oranges. Whether they were for sale I do not know. But I grabbed three and devoured them on the spot. By that time the intelligence of my arrival had been communicated to the Alcayde, who, if he did not come himself, sent an emissary in the shape of a policeman to arrest me. The moment he saw me, however, he was convinced of

my total harmlessness and speechlessness. I do not remember ever having been so awfully done up in my life.

But though half the town accompanied me to the inn, I had no trouble then, or ever afterwards, from Spanish officials, whom I have always found to be courteously polite, when not absolutely indifferent. The landlord and I had our dinner in solemn state. A tremendous conference was held in the evening as to my next day's route, for throughout this part of Spain the roads are quite new, and no one would think of attempting such a cross-country trip without a map, and this is not to be obtained. Every one advised me to get up at midnight and take the railway. Still, I was off on my bicycle pretty early the next morning, after eating—I cannot say drinking—my chocolate; this time with a large bag of oranges and bread among my luggage.

By noon I had got to Puebla le Ca-zalla. Here I again tried the inn. Opening on the street was a great room like a crypt. All around the muleteers and the carters were sleeping through the midday heat, for it was getting hot, or eating from a great bowl with their fingers and knives. Tired, for the wind had kept on blowing, I sat down in the cool, part stable, part dining-hall, part bed-room, and fell asleep, only to be wakened and to find on the stone table a beautifully clean cloth, the coldest and freshest of water, the strongest of wine and the most delicious fruit; only to be asked to take my lunch in company with three or four rather too sociable people, who may have been Dons, but I think were commercials; to be given an excellent breakfast of an omelet, garbanzos, a fish salad, some cutlets, and the wonderful *gaspacho*, which is like nothing outside of Spain—and all for about a shilling.

But after this little town, dominated by its masque and its minaret even today, the road ended, and thence, almost to Osuna, I followed the mule track. It might have been excellent riding—it was hard enough and broad enough—if only mules in these Spanish

tablelands did not like going up and down stairs. About every hundred yards there was a wash-out or a dried-up stream, which the long train of mules, in their gay trappings with their single driver away behind, seemed to enjoy plunging into, but such a road is not suited for cycling. Every one else who has cycled in Spain—though no one apparently had ever been over this trail; and until the road is finished I should advise no one to go—tells of frightful encounters with the mad-dened drivers of frightened mules. For my part, while I did scare the mules, I found their drivers, whom I once or twice upset, far better mannered than those of London.

The next day from Osuna I again followed the trail. It was simply un-ridable. It is true I might and should have taken the train, only there was none that day. By noon I had crossed the great plain which stretches from Seville to the mountains of Ronda, and was on the good road, just made, at La Roda, near Bobadilla, the station famous for its restaurant, where no one ever has time to breakfast—only to pay for it. Now I was really coming to the finest part of my ride.

The great plain I had crossed was a wilderness. It always has been a wilderness, the fighting-ground of old Ali-Atar, of the Caliph of Cordova, of St. Ferdinand of Seville, and of all the real and mythical heroes of this wonderful country. In the spring it blossoms with roses, and the skies are most glorious; but still it is a stern, melancholy land, bounded with rugged mountains, "a long, sweeping plain destitute of trees and indescribably silent and lonesome. What adds to this silence and loneliness is the absence of singing birds. Yet its scenery is noble in its serenity, and possesses in some degree the solemn grandeur of the ocean." And it is rarely that one sees even a straggling herd of cattle or "a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste, like camels in the desert." As you approach the kingdom of Granada you enter upon another wilderness—a wilderness of mountains

—grand and snow-crowned. At their foot lies Antiquera, where I stopped on my third night. The railway now runs through this town to Granada, but it is still out of the track of travel, and the inroad of the tourist has little effect on the people. The landscape is as strange and silent as they are. Beyond Antiquera, huge rocks, like the Rock of the Lovers, spring upward, while each of the lower summits is even now crowned with its Moorish watch-tower or fortress. The towns themselves are all but inaccessible, and it was the hardest work to shove up the long hill to Archidona. Once I had got up, my coming was noised abroad, and I was received as the honored guest of the Bicycle Club, which turned out and paraded me in great style, to their great delight, through the main street. I imagine its members never go out of their town, and they warned me I would have a terrible ride, so they had heard, to Loja. The whole way lies through the mountains, and finally brings one through a steep and narrow defile, the Pass of the King, over which Ferdinand led his army against Boabdil. Here I came upon the great highroad from Malaga to Madrid, and all at once the wildly picturesque Loja rose into view. Above it towered the barren mountains, below was the great *vega*, or valley, the plain of Granada, the most fruitful part of Spain. Away in the distance I saw the Sierra Nevada, its summits looking more like silver than snow in the shimmering landscape.

Surely now, I thought, from here all will be easy riding. For this was the Moorish Paradise, the Promised Land which Ferdinand had conquered, the one bit of Spain that remains prosperous and happy.

The next morning I started briskly over a splendid road. I had journeyed into another land. There were palm-trees in the valley and great fields of sugar-cane ready for cutting. Up on the hills were little towns, each with a history of its own. Suddenly as I bowled along I noticed some trees growing in the road, a dense wood

really. A straggling track went down to the swift-flowing Zenil, which I had been following, and then I saw that years before the bridge had broken. There it lay, blocking the river. Nobody had attempted to mend it. I took off my shoes and stockings and commenced to wade. I had not gone two steps when the bicycle sank out of sight. If I had not had a good grip on it I never would have seen it again. There was nothing to do but to go back to shore, take off my clothes, feel round with a stick until I found the ford, and wade over, carrying the machine on my head. As I was getting dressed on the other side, a man came up and told me he had seen me, and "it was only by the grace of God I had not been drowned." After that the road was sometimes used by the farmers as an irrigating canal, when it was lower than the fields, and sometimes as a dyke when it was higher. The mules which travelled it did not seem to mind, but I did. Still, I finally bumped and struggled into Santa Fe, the city built by Ferdinand and Isabella when they were besieging Granada: to-day a miserable village without a sign of its former greatness, but at one time the military, if temporary, metropolis of Spain. It was from here that Ferdinand and Isabella directed the movements of their army; it was from its watch-towers they could see their reinforcements coming from Jaen in the north, or the Moors chasing the faint-hearted foreign allies through the pass of Lope. It was from Santa Fe that Columbus, wearied and discouraged in his attempt to prove to Isabella that the New World was worth finding, set out, broken-hearted, to hunt for a more sympathetic sovereign. It was from here were sent the messengers who overtook him at the white bridge at Puente Pinos, on the left, and brought him back, and made Spain into that Power, the remnants of which to-day are dragging her to her death.

Every writer who has travelled this road tells you of the glory and splendor of Granada as it is first revealed

from Sante Fe. But from no point, save one, is the approach to the city impressive. For it is built low down at the foot of the mountains, and the fortress is hidden among them. It may be that at one time the Alhambra and the great mosque were covered with shining tiles and with glittering crescents. But to-day the fortress looks like, and is almost indistinguishable from, the spur of the hills behind it, and the city is swallowed up in its gardens, which flourish while it decays.

From Granada, which I entered by the great gate of Elvira, I made endless excursions around the great plain and into the neighboring mountains: to Jaen, to Almeria, to Alcala, to Lucena, and then finally to Malaga, along the coast of Motril and back to Granada. All these little journeys gave me, or would have given me, continuous pleasure and incessant delight, but for the wretched bicycle that broke down on every occasion I tried to ride it.

Though not my last ride, the most interesting was that to Malaga. Starting from the groves of the Alhambra and leaving the town by the gate of the Zenil—this river, a month later than when I waded through it, being almost dry—I passed, at the end of the Alameda, the little chapel which marks the downfall of Moorish rule in Spain and records the commencement of the short hundred years of Spanish prosperity. It is but a tiny white-washed building by the roadside; it is almost bare within; it has none of the lavish richness that surrounds the tomb of the great sovereigns; and it is all the more suggestive because of the neglect into which it has fallen. In the wall there is a little plaque which tells how at this spot Boabdil, on the fateful 2d of January, 1492, gave up the keys of his palace fortress, and with them Moorish dominion, to the Catholic sovereigns, and destroyed a kingdom which had lasted for a thousand years. One hears of the Spanish peasant's love of history, which has been handed down through the

ages in song, but there is little evidence that he cares for the traditions of his country or that they are more to him, if he even knows them, than empty words. The chapel is closed and locked, and the tablet is a mark for the passing muleteers to shy stones at and cast filth upon, just as the Alhambra is turned over to the photographer, and the vulgar tourist, and the restoring curator, who peddles toys and antiquities to gullible trippers and British prime ministers, and who allowed it to burn owing to his unpardonable carelessness. It is like this everywhere throughout the country. The monuments and palaces of Spain are the abodes of beggars, and its churches the spoil of thieves and the seats of money-lenders. From this chapel, looking back—as Boabdil the Unlucky looked for the last time—one does see, though decayed and blasted and riven, the mighty towers of the Alhambra striding over the mountain summits, the fortress palace which has been the spoil of every army that has invaded Spain in the past, and which may—who knows how soon?—be the prey of still another. Who knows how long it will be before the flag of the country of Columbus floats from those very towers? But from beyond the lovely oasis, beyond the mass of dense cypresses lit up by glowing oleanders, there stretches to the mountains of Alhama a sandy desert that might again, as it once did, blossom as the rose. And across this desert, through deep sand and mud, I pushed my useless bicycle. I climbed and coasted the steepest of mountains and waded the most rapid of bridgeless rivers, and at length toiled up to the pitiful, almost deserted, earthquake-rent Alhama, a city of woe and desolation, once the strongest outpost and the greatest enemy of Spaniard and Moor in turn. A splendid road leads back again to Loja, and thence onward, a marvellous feat of engineering, to Malaga, through an absolute wilderness.

In the whole distance there is but one solitary village and a single inn. The road springs thousands of feet up from

one mountain top to another, for the country all the way is riven and twisted into the deepest and darkest of narrow valleys, dominated by almost inaccessible heights. Finally, after a long ride of almost fifty miles without a stop, for there was no place to stop save a solitary inn, I wheeled out of that most terrible of wildernesses, in which the pride of Spanish chivalry in 1483 suffered a deadly defeat at the hands of El Zagal, the Moorish commander of Malaga. The Spaniards must have come by almost this very route. They marched all day and night through the passes of the mountains. Their way was often along the bottom of a rocky valley or the dry bed of a torrent, cut deep in the Sierras and filled with shattered fragments of rock. These roads, says Irving, were often only dried up streams, and were overhung by numerous cliffs and precipices. As the sun went down on the second day, the army came through a lofty pass of the mountains, and saw below them, as I did at the same hour, a distant glimpse of a part of the fair valley of Malaga bounded by the blue Mediterranean. As night closed in, they found themselves in a confused chain of little valleys, imbedded in these rocky heights, known by the name of Axarquía. At length they came to the edge of the mountain, down which the road now climbs, completely broken up by *barrancos* and *ramblas*, of vast depth, and shagged with rocks and precipices. It was impossible to maintain the order of march. The horses had no room for action and were scarcely manageable, having to scramble from rock to rock and up and down frightful declivities, where was scarce footing for a mountain goat. The Moors, who had taken up their position in the watch-towers, shouted when they looked down on the army, struggling and stumbling among the rocks. Sallying from their towers, they took possession of the cliffs that overhung the ravines, and hurled darts and stones upon the Spaniards, who fell without the means of resistance. The confusion of the Christians was

increased by the shouts of the Moors, multiplied by the echoes of every crag and cliff, as if they were surrounded by innumerable foes. Being entirely ignorant of the country, in their struggle to extricate themselves they plunged into other glens and defiles, where they were still more exposed to danger. The guides, who were ordered to lead the way out of this place of carnage, either through terror or confusion, instead of conducting them out of the mountains, led them deeper into the fatal recesses. All day they made ineffectual attempts to extricate themselves. Finally, the Spanish leaders, the Marquis of Cadiz and Don Alonzo de Aguilar, with a mere handful of their followers, alone were left, and even this fragment of a Spanish army were scattered. Some wandered for days in the dismal valleys, and a few finally returned to Loja and Antiquera. But most perished miserably among the mountains. These mountains are still held by descendants of the Moors, and an enemy's army which attempted to enter Spain from Malaga might suffer at the hands of the rude mountaineers a still worse, a more overwhelming defeat. The minute one leaves the fertile, tropical sea coast of this part of Spain to gain the interior, one finds one's self in a pathless Alpine wilderness.

From the summit of the mountains the road zigzags down to Malaga; thence to Velez-Malaga and Nerja there is a road as well constructed and as delightful to travel over as the Cornice. At Nerja it ends, and at Almunecar a boat, with three or four stout oarsmen, must be taken. A splendid road runs onward to Salobrena, with its great coast castle, and, as I passed this seaside fortress palace of the Moors, to-day peopled, as are all Spain's finest monuments, by the poorest of the poor, I saw suddenly, unexpectedly, for the first and the last time, the Spaniard at work. Before the unfortunate Cuban business, the magnificent road, high upon the mountains, had been planned and partly carried out, to skirt the whole Mediterranean

shore; but now the enterprise has been quite abandoned, now the money and the men are wasted in that endless struggle. Yet here the tracks into which the road degenerates were crammed and jammed with mules and donkeys and horses and oxen and men, carrying the ripe sugar-cane. From the great fields they came, loaded, to the huge smoking factories, and returned again for fresh loads, in an endless procession, a solid mass of men and beasts, which one could only fall in with, smothered at one moment in dust, at the next sinking deep in the mire. Through the widest of the fields a great river flowed; there was no bridge, and there never had been one. The horses waded, and I and the machine were seized upon by an army of unemployed, who fought to carry me over. The heat was awful. The dust was worse. The yells of the drivers, the smell of sugar-cane and the braying of donkeys filled the air.

In Motril the crowd was greater. It was like a market day, only a market which I believe goes on for weeks. Sea captains—whose ships, now that the old Moorish harbor is in ruins and filled up, lay far from shore—planters and merchants from all over the world spoke a babel of tongues in the corridor of a big hotel, which replaced the usual little inn. There may be other cities of Spain filled with the same life and go, the same vitality, but I have never seen them. And what was the cause? I soon found that this energy was something new in the kingdom of Granada, something the people had not been accustomed to for the last three hundred years. It was easily explained. It did not take long to learn that the wreck of Cuba was Andalusia's prosperity; that the destruction of the plantations in that island had made those of the Mediterranean coast; that, as no tobacco was arriving from Havana, equally good could be grown round Motril. It has been said that the Spaniard is too lazy to work and too ignorant; here he was working as no laborer would anywhere else. If the war in Cuba has drained

most of the country of its youth and its strength, here, from the youngest to the oldest, every one was as busy and as full of life as in an American town on the boom. And the wish that I heard on all sides of me, though mainly expressed by foreigners, was that the war in Cuba might go on. For, if it was ruining the rest of the country, it was making the fortune of the sugar-planters and the tobacco-growers of Andalusia. The whole thing was a practical demonstration that the Spaniard would be a splendid workman if only he had the chance to work, if he was not ground down by a royal family which sits upon him, and the German generals and money-grubbing Jews who have drained his life-blood. It was an object-lesson in Spanish life and character which I shall never forget. As it was only about forty-four miles to Granada, I thought I could easily get there in an afternoon. The road is as well engineered as those in Switzerland, and about as badly kept up. It climbs to the great table-lands through tunnels and by viaducts. One of the bridges over the Tablete is almost as fine as that of the Devil on the St. Gothard; thirty miles of this road, however, were all I could cover between one in the afternoon and eight at night. The "bikist" may fail to understand my pace, a little more than four miles an hour, but those who have toured will sympathize. A school-master put me up in his house in a little village by the roadside, and I must say treated me remarkably well. And the next morning I descended to Granada, by way of that Mecca of the tourist to Alhambra—the Last Sigh of the Moor. I meant to ride much more, but the machine was thoroughly played out. I had meant to stay longer in Granada, but, being kindly relieved of every cent of my money by a pickpocket, I was exported as so much luggage by the British consul and a hotel proprietor.

Thoroughly experienced tourists would, no doubt, enjoy Andalusia, which, away from the big hotels and

their touts, is quite unspoiled. But they must take a strong and reliable machine with them; they must carry extra parts, as there is no chance, save in Malaga, Granada and Seville, of getting it repaired if anything breaks. They must be prepared to push through from one large town to another, as there is often no place to stop between. The roads are capitally engineered, but there are broken bridges, stretches where there is no highway, and also the surface is liable to be loose, as there is so little wheel traffic to grind in the stones and dirt kicked up by the mules and donkeys, and for months it never rains. In the central part of Spain, around Madrid and Toledo, the roads are very good, and much cycling is done; while in the north, near the Pyrenees, they leave little to be desired. But Spain is no country for those who do not know the Spaniard, his ways, and a little of his language, who have not a strong pair of legs, who do not love mild adventure, and are not thoroughly good riders.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
PICKWICKIAN BATH.

Bath, which already owed so much to famous writers, owes even more to "Boz," the genial author of "Pickwick"—a book which has so much increased the gaiety of the nation. The scenes at the old city are more minute and vivid than any yet offered. But if it owed much to "Boz," it repaid him by furnishing him with a name for his book which has gone over the world. Everything about this name will be interesting; and it is not generally known when and how "Boz" obtained it.

There was a small hamlet some few miles from Bath and ninety-seven from London—which is one hundred and six miles away from Bath—bearing the name of "Pickwick." The Bath coach, by the way, started from the White Horse Cellars, Piccadilly, at

half-past seven in the morning, and took just twelve hours for the journey. Now it is made by the Great Western in two! Here many years ago, at the time of the story, was "Pickwick House, the seat of C. N. Loscombe, Esq.," and also "Pickwick Lodge," where dwelt Captain Fenton. "Boz" had never seen or heard of such places, but all the same they indirectly furnished him with the name. A mail-coach guard found an infant on the road in this place, and gave it the name of "Pickwick." The word "Pickwick" contains the common terminal "wick," as in "Warwick;" an affix which means a village or hamlet of some kind. Pickwick, however, has long since disappeared from the face of the map. Probably after the year 1837 folk did not relish dating their letters from a spot of such humorous memories.

This foundling, Eleazar Pickwick, was taken into the service of the coaching hotel, the White Hart, devoted himself to the horse and coaching business, and at the time of "Boz's" or Mr. Pickwick's visit, his grandson, Moses, was the actual proprietor of the coaches on the road. "The name," said Sam, "is not only down on the way-bill, sir, but they've painted vun on 'em on the door of the coach." As Sam spoke, he pointed to that part of the door on which the proprietor's name usually appears, and there sure enough, in gilt letters of a goodly size, was the magic name of Pickwick. "Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, quite staggered by the coincidence, "what a very extraordinary thing!" "Yes; but that ain't all," said Sam, again directing his master's attention to the coach-door. "Not content with writin' up Pickwick, they put 'Moses' afore it, which I calls adding insult to injury." "It's odd enough, certainly," said Mr. Pickwick. It may be noted here what an air of reality this imparts, and how unlikely we should be to find such a touch in a modern novel. When he was casting about for a good name for his venture, it recurred to him as having a quaint

oddity and uncanniness. And thus it is that we owe to Bath, and to Bath only, this celebrated name. Many years ago, a Mr. Pickwick actually changed his name by public advertisement. This ordinary event caused quite a public sensation. The owner was reminded that it was an old and honorable name—coming originally from *Pique vite*—and it was *not* Count Smoritork who suggested this derivation.

In the course of his story, our author having thus to take Mr. Pickwick down to Bath, it occurred to him that the fact that his hero was transported by a coach bearing his own name on the door must have seemed odd to many of his readers, or possibly to the coach proprietor himself. He saw, too, an opening for some good-humored fun, and accordingly made Sam call his master's attention to the matter. No city has had its society and manners sketched by such eminent pens as has Bath—Smollett, Miss Burney, Miss Austen and "Boz" have all described it. The old walls and houses are thus made to live. "Boz" has given one of the most vivid and vivacious pictures of its expiring glories in the 'thirties, when there were still "M.C.s," routs, assemblies and sedans. His own connection with the place is personal, and a very interesting one. He was there in 1835 on election business, hurrying after Lord John Russell, all over the country, to report his speeches—a young fellow of three-and-twenty, full of "dash," "go," and readiness of resource, of immense energy and carelessness of fatigue, ready to go anywhere and do anything. While thus engaged on serious business he kept his eyes wide open, took in all the humors of Bath and noted them in his memory, though he made no use of this till more than two years later, when he was well on into "Pickwick." Indeed, all "Pickwick" is full of his own personal adventures at the time, Bath and Ipswich particularly contributing a substantial portion of the book.

Entering an old city by night leaves

a curious, romantic impression, and few old cities gain so much as Bath by this mode of approach. The shadowy houses have a monumental air; the fine streets which we mostly ascend show a mystery, especially as we flit by the open square, under the great, black abbey, which seems a beetling rock. This old Bath mysteriousness seems haunted by the ghosts of Burney, Johnson, Goldsmith, Wilkes, Quin, Thrale, Mr. Pickwick, and dozens more. Fashion and gentility hover round its stately homes. The Parade, North and South, and what adjoins the Parade, Pierrepont Street, of quaint aspect, inspire a sort of awe. The Parade! What an antique twang about the name! And there it is: a genuine thing, and quite ready for company, with its capacious, well-flagged Promenade. Nothing, too, rouses such ideas of state and dignity as the Palladian Circus. There is a tone of mournful grandeur about it—something forlorn. Had it, in some freak of fashion, been abandoned and suffered, for a time at least, to go to neglect and be somewhat overgrown with moss and foliage, it would pass for some grand, Roman ruin. There is a solemn, greyish gloom about it; the grass in the enclosure is rank, long and deep green.

Pulteney Street, too: what a state and nobility there is about it! So wide and so spacious; the houses with an air of grand solidity—no carvings or frittering work, but relying on their fine lines and proportions. To lodge there is an education, and the impression remains with one as of a sense of personal dignity from dwelling in such large and lofty chambers, grandly laid out with noble stairs and the like. The builders in this fine city would seem to have been born architects; nearly all the houses have claims to distinction, each has an expression and feeling of its own. The mellow blackened or browned tint adds to the effect. The mouldings are full of reserve, and chastened—suited exactly to the material. There is something, too, very stately about Laura Place, which opens on it.

From this point of view, Bath is a far more interesting city than Edinburgh.¹ Mr. Peach has written two most interesting little quartos on the "Historic Houses of Bath;" and Mr. Medhan, a well-read bookseller, has compiled an admirable hand list or guide to these notable residences.

I don't know anything more strange and agreeable than the feeling of promenading these Parades, North and South—a feeling compounded of awe, reverence and exciting interest. The tranquil repose and dignity of these low, solid houses, the broad, flagged Promenade, the unmistakable air of old fashion, the sort of reality and self-persuasion that they might in a moment be repeopled with all these eminent persons—much as "Boz" called up the ghosts of the old mail-coach passengers in his telling ghost story—the sombre grey of the walls, the brightness of the windows: these elements join to leave an extraordinary impression. The houses on these Parades are charming from their solid proportions, adapted, as it were, to the breadth of the Parade. I always admire their compact, compressed, unpretending yet substantial build, recalling the old Bruges mansions. Execrable, by the way, are the modern attempts seen side by side—feeble and incapable, not attempting any expression at all; extraordinary are the helplessness and lack of purpose which we find in our modern times. There is a row of meagre tenements beside the Abbey—attempts at pinnaced gables—which it is a sorrowful thing to look on, so cheap and starved is it. Even the newer shops in places like Milsom Street, with nothing to do but to copy what is before them, show the same platitude. Here and there you are constantly coming upon one of these beautifully designed old mansions piteously disguised, cut up in two or three it may be, or the lower portion fashioned

into a shop. These have been well described by Mr. Peach.

No group of architectural objects is more effective or touches one more nearly than the buildings gathered round the Baths. There is something quaint and old-fashioned in the arrangement, and I am never tired of coming back to the pretty open colonnade, the faded yet dignified pump-room, with the ambitious hotel and the solemn Abbey rising solemnly behind. Then there is the delightful Promenade opposite, under the arcades—a genuine bit of old fashion—under whose arches the capricious Fanny Burney often strolled. Everything about this latter conglomeration—the shape of the ground, and even the older portion of the municipal buildings, with their elegant decorations, sculptured garlands, etc.—bespeak the influence of the graceful Adam, whose pupil or imitator Mr. Baldwin may have been.

"Boz's" description of the tarnished pump-room answers to what is seen now, save as to the tone of the decorations. I say "Boz's," for Pickwick. It should be recollected, was not actually acknowledged by the author under his proper name. It was thought that the well-known and popular "Boz" of the "Sketches" would attract far more than the obscure C. Dickens. Now "Boz" and the Sketches have receded and are little thought of. "Boz" and Pickwick go far better together than do Dickens and Pickwick. There is an old-fashioned solemnity over this pump-room which speaks of the classical taste over a hundred years ago. How quaint and suitable is the inscription *Ἀγίατον μὲν ἔδος* in the faded gilt characters. It is exactly suited—as to proportions—to its place. Within it is one stately chamber, not altered a bit since the day, fifty-three years ago, that "Boz" strolled in and wrote his description. As I sat with a friend beside me in the newly finished concert-room, which is in happy keeping, I called up the old genial Pickwick promenading about under the direction of Bantam, M. C., and the genial tone of the old gayety and good

¹ Mr. Sturge Cotterell has prepared a singularly interesting map of Bath, in which all the spots honored by the residence of famous visitors are marked down. It is very extraordinary, the number and distinction of these personages.

spirits. There is still to be seen the ugly Tompion clock (Tompion was a maker of celebrity) and the statue of Nash, M. C., in his niche, and the inscriptions, and the visitors' book, and the bar with the row of glasses.

This "Tompion Clock," which is carefully noted by "Boz," seems to have been always regarded as a sort of monument. It is like an overgrown eight-day clock, without any adornment and plain to a degree—no doubt relying upon its Tompion works. It is in exactly the same place as it was sixty years ago, and goes with the old regularity. Nay, for that matter, it stands where it did a hundred years ago—in the old recess by Nash's statue and inscription—and was no doubt ordered at the opening of the rooms. In an old account of Bath, at the opening of the century, attention is called to the Tompion clock with a sort of pride. I thought I had done with this eternal Tompion clock in these quotations; but, to my astonishment, I came on to it once more in Brayley's large collection: "The Clock by Tompion, etc." Neither is it passed over in the more modern guide-books.

The steep and shadowy Gay Street, which leads up to the inviting Crescent and the more sombre Queen Square, affects one curiously. Ascending, we see on the left a modest, compact-looking mansion—the Bath houses are rarely more than two or three stories high—and the only one in the street that displays sculptured decorations. There lived and died Mrs. Plozzi. The Johnsonian must look on it with reverence and even with awe; for a perfect tide of incidents and associations rushes on him at the name, calling up the quick and sparkling vitality of the mercurial lady. Now it seems but her mausoleum; and lower down at the corner, on the other side, we come upon another brilliant woman's home, with stone bow windows—introduced, I fancy, at a later period. Fanny Burney was a delightful creature, full of the true comedy vein, and many of her scenes are more sparkling than Boswell's. Well, here she lived in her hey-

day, and before her disastrous "come down"—her marriage, which was foolish as that of her friend. It may be said that all the buildings in Bath are placed most judiciously. We come on them unexpectedly, and find them just where they ought to be. Each has its tone and fitting atmosphere. How delightful to find ourselves stumbling, as it were, on the grand Circus, with its solemn and stately buildings, which contrasts so well with the bright, open gayety of the Crescent! I like this Roman gloom of the Circus, its comparative desolation and solemn old fashion.

The old Assembly Rooms is close to the Circus, between Alfred Street and Bennett Street—a stately, dignified pile, in the best classical style of Bath. One looks on it with a sort of mysterious reverence, and it seems charged with all sorts of memories of old by-gone state; for hither all the rank and fashion of Bath used to make its way of Assembly nights. Many years ago there was here given a morning concert to which I found my way, mainly for the purpose of calling up ghostly memories of the Thrales, and Doctor Johnson, and Miss Burney, and, above all, of Mr. Pickwick. Though the music was the immortal "Passion" of Bach, my eyes were travelling all the while from one piece of faded decoration to another. "Boz" never fails to secure the *tone* of any strange place he is describing. We all, for instance, have that pleased, elated feeling on the first morning after our arrival over night at a new place—the general brightness, surprise and air of novelty. We are willing to be pleased with everything, and pass from object to object with enjoyment. Now, all this is difficult to seize or describe. "Boz" does not do the latter, but he conveys it perfectly. We see the new arrivals seated at breakfast, the entrance of the Dowlers with the M. C., and the party setting off to see the "Lions," the securing tickets for the Assembly, the writing down their names in "the book," Sam sent specially to Queen Square, and so on. All which is very

exhilarating, and reveals one's own feeling on such an occasion. The pump-room books are formally mentioned in the regulations.

We see the Assembly Rooms in Phiz's plate, with its huge and elaborately framed oval mirrors and chandeliers. The dancing-room was set round with raised benches, after the pattern of Ridotto rooms abroad; there were card-rooms and tea-rooms. We note the sort of Adam or Chippendale chair on which the whist dowager is sitting with her back to us.

Considering that the rules of dress were so strict, pumps and silk stockings being of necessity, we may wonder how it was that the president of the Pickwick Club was admitted in his morning dress, his kerseymere tights, white waistcoat and black gaiters. He never changed his dress for evening parties, save on one occasion. So accurate is the picture that speculation arises whether Phiz went specially to Bath to make his sketches; for the ideas caught in the most perfect way the whole *tone* of a Bath assembly, and he could not have obtained this from descriptions by others. So, too, with his picture of the Crescent in Mr. Winkle's escapade. It will be remembered that "Boz" was rather particular about this picture, and suggested some minute alterations. Mr. Pickwick's costume was certainly in defiance of all rules and regulations. It is laid down in the regulations of Mr. Tyson, M. C., that "no gentleman in boots or half-boots be admitted into the rooms on ball nights or card nights." Half-boots would certainly apply to Mr. Pickwick's gaiters. Bantam the M. C., or "the Grand Master," as "Boz" oddly calls him, was drawn from life from an eccentric functionary named Jervois. I have never been quite able to understand his odd hypothesis about Mr. Pickwick being the gentleman who had the waters bottled and sent to Clapham. But how characteristic the dialogue on the occasion! It will be seen that this M. C. cannot credit the notion of any one of such importance as Mr. Pickwick never

having "*been in Ba-ath.*" His ludicrous and absurd, "Not bad—not bad! Good—good. He, he, re-markable!" showed how it struck him. A man of such a position, too; it was incredible. With a delightful conviction of this theory, he began: "It is long—*very long*—Mr. Pickwick, *since you drank the waters*—it appears an age." Mr. Pickwick protested that it was certainly long since he had drunk the waters, and his proof was that he had never been in Bath in his life. After a moment's reflection the M. C. saw the solution. "Oh, I see; yes, yes; good, good; better and better. You are the gentleman residing at Clapham Green who lost the use of your limbs from imprudently taking cold *after port wine*, who could not be moved in consequence of acute suffering, and who had the water from the King's Bath bottled at one hundred and three degrees and sent by wagon to his bed-room in town, where he bathed, sneezed and same day recovered." This amusing concatenation is, besides, an admirable and very minute stroke of character, and the frivolous M. C. is brought before us perfectly.¹

What a capital touch is that when he saw young Lord Mutanhead approaching. "Hush! draw a little nearer, Mr. Pickwick. You see that splendidly dressed young man coming this way—the richest young man in Bath?"

"You don't say so!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes, you'll hear his voice in a moment, Mr. Pickwick. He'll speak to me." Particular awe and reverence could not be better expressed.

It is curious how accurate the young fellow was in all his details. He describes the ball as beginning at "precisely twenty minutes before eight o'clock;" and according to the old rules it had to begin as soon after seven as was possible. "Stay in the tea-room and take your sixpenn'orth"—Mr. Dowler's advice—was after a regulation "that every one admitted to the

¹ Mr. Bantam could well afford to dress as handsomely as he is described; his fees, collections, etc., came to six or seven hundred a year.

tea-rooms on dress nights shall pay 6d. for tea."

The M. C.'s visit to Mr. Pickwick was a real carrying out the spirit of the regulations, in which it was requested that "all strangers will give the M. C. an opportunity of being introduced to them before they themselves are entitled to that attention and respect."

"The ball nights in Ba-ath," said Mr. Bantam, "are moments snatched from Paradise, rendered bewitching by music, beauty, elegance, fashion, etiquette, and—and—above all, by the absence of tradespeople, who are quite inconsistent with Paradise, and who have an amalgamation of themselves at the Guildhall every fortnight, which is, to say the least, remarkable. Good-bye, good-bye;" and, protesting all the way down-stairs that he was most satisfied and most delighted and most overpowered and most flattered, Angelo Cyrus Bantam, M. C., stepped into a very elegant chariot that waited at the door, and rattled off. A perfect and spirited description of this airy fribble. One little touch alone is *de trop* and affected—"who are quite inconsistent with Paradise."

We all feel an interest in that capital character, Mr. Dowler, whom I always suspect to have been lightly sketched from "Boz's" then new friend, the late John Forster. Of course, at the time he had not yet thoroughly become acquainted with the critic's rather despotic fashions, and looked on him rather as an influential patron, with whom he would hardly venture to take such a liberty. Still, the likeness is extraordinary. John Forster was a true and fast friend to all who had the happiness of being his friends; but his methods were those of Mr. Dowler, who does everything as John Forster would have done it. "Are you going to Bath?" he asked at the coach offices. "I am, sir," said Mr. Pickwick. "And these other gentlemen?" "They are going also," said Mr. Pickwick. "I'll be damned if you're going inside," said the strange man. "Not all of us," said Mr. Pickwick. "No, not all of you.

I've taken two places. If they try to squeeze six people into this infernal box that only holds four, I'll take a post chaise and bring an action. I've paid my fare. It won't do, etc." Exactly like him was his warm patronage of Mr. Pickwick at Bath, his at once bringing the M. C. "Bantam," said Mr. Dowler, "Mr. Pickwick and his friends are strangers. They must put their names down. *Where's the book?*" Here Forster *ipse loquitur*. The M. C. meekly declared it should be forthcoming; on which Dowler engaged to bring his friends to the pump-room. "This is a long call. It's time to go. I shall be here in an hour. *Come.*" Like Forster, Dowler had an amiable, gentle wife. At the ball or assembly we hear him: "Anybody here?" inquired Mr. Dowler suspiciously."

But what most realizes the good but impetuous Forster is Dowler's speech at the Assembly Rooms, "Take your sixpenn'orth. They lay on hot water and call it tea. Drink it," said Mr. Dowler in a loud voice, *directing Mr. Pickwick.*" This was exactly the deceased critic—"directing" was his way.

I have often wondered why Philz and his coadjutor did not choose for a subject the scene of "the swarry." The inimitable figures of Tuckle, Whiffers and Fred—the affected gentleman in blue—and Mr. Smauker himself would have come out in a racy fashion. But the truth is, nothing could have been more judicious and more practical than the selection made, the subjects being confined to the strict business of the story. Other artists have tried their hand on these tempting passages, but somehow always with an indifferent success. They are too episodic.

Nothing is more gratifying to genuine Pickwickians than to find how all these old memories of the book are fondly cherished in the good city. All the Pickwickian localities are identified, and the inhabitants are eager in every way to maintain that Mr. Pickwick belongs to them, and had been with them. We should have had his room in the White Hart pointed out, and it would have been "slept in" by

Americans and others, had it still been left to stand. Not long since the writer went to the good old city for the pleasant duty of "preaching Pickwick," as he has done in many places. There is an antique building or temple not far from the Parade, where an old society of the place—the Bath Literary and Scientific Institute—holds its meetings, and here to a crowded gathering, under the presidency of Mr. Austin King, the subject was gone into. It was delightful for the Pickwickian stranger to meet so appreciative a response, and many curious details were mentioned. At the close—such is the force of the delusion—we were all discussing Mr. Pickwick and his movements here and there, with the same conviction as we should have had in the case of Miss Burney, or Mrs. Piozzi, or Doctor Johnson.

The whole atmosphere was congenial, and there was an old-world, old-fashioned air over the rooms. It was delightful to be talking of Mr. Pickwick's Bath adventures in Bath.

Nor is there anything unreasonably fantastical in these speculations. Bantam lived, as we know, in St. James's Square—that very effective enclosure, with its solemn houses and rich, deep greenery, that recall our own Fitzroy Square. No. 14 was his house, and this, it was ascertained, was the actual residence of the Irving M. C. How bold, therefore, of "Boz" to send Sam up to the very square! Every one, too, could point out Mrs. Craddock's house in the Circus—at least, it was one of two. It was No. 15 or 16, because at the time there were only a couple in the middle which were let in lodgings, the rest being private houses. This was fairly reasonable. But how accurate was "Boz." No doubt he had some friends who were quartered in lodgings here.

I scarcely hoped to find the scene of the footmen's "swarry" tracked out, but so it was. On leaving Queen Square in company with Mr. Smauker to repair to the scene of the festivity, Sam set off walking "towards High Street," then "turned down a bye-

street," and would "soon be there." This bye-street was one turning out of Queen Square at the corner next Bantam's house; and a few doors down we come to a rather shabby-looking "public" with a swinging sign, on which is inscribed "The Beaufort Arms"—a two-storied, three-windowed house. This in the book is called a "green-grocer's shop," and is firmly believed to be the scene of "the swarry," on the substantial ground that the Bath footmen assembled here regularly as at their club. The change from a public to a green-grocer's scarcely affects the point. The uniforms of these gentlemen's gentlemen were really splendid, as we learn from the text—rich plushes, velvets, gold lace, canes, etc. There is no exaggeration in this, for natives of Bath have assured me they can recall similar displays at the fashionable church—on Sundays—when these noble creatures, arrayed gorgeously as "generals," were ranged in lines "waiting their missuses," or, rather, *pace* Mr. John Smauker, employers. At this green-grocer's, where the Bath footmen had their "swarry," the favorite drink was "cold srub and water," or "gin and water sweet;" also punch. "Srub," a West Indian drink, has now altogether disappeared. It sounds strange to learn that a fashionable footman should consult "a copper timepiece which dwelt at the bottom of a deep watch-pocket, and was raised to the surface by means of a black string with a copper key." A copper watch seems extraordinary, though we have now those of gun metal.

The Crescent, with its fine air and fine view, always strikes one with admiration as a unique and original monument, the size and proportions are so truly grand. The whole scene of Mr. Winkle's escapade here is extraordinarily vivid, and so protracted, while Mrs. Dowler was waiting in her sedan for the door to be opened, that it has the effect of imprinting the very air, look and tone of the Royal Crescent on us. We seem to be waiting with her and the chairman. It seems the most *natural* thing in the world.

The houses correspond almost exactly with Phiz's drawing.

Pickwick, it has been often pointed out, is full of amusing "oversights," which are pardonable enough, and almost add to the "fun" of the piece. At the opening Mr. Pickwick is described as carrying his portmanteau—in the picture it is a carpet-bag. The story opens in 1827, but at once Mr. Jingle begins to talk of being present at the late Revolution of 1830. The George and Vulture is placed in two different streets. Old Weller is called Samuel. During the scene at the Royal Crescent we are told that Mrs. Craddock threw up the drawing-room window "just as Mr. Winkle was rushing into the chair." She ran and called Mr. Dowler, who rushed in just as Mr. Pickwick threw up the other window, "when the first object that met the gaze of both was Mr. Winkle bolting into the sedan chair," into which he had bolted a minute before.

The late Charles Dickens the younger, in the notes to his father's writings, affects to have discovered an oversight in the account of the scene in the Circus. It is described how Winkle "took to his heels and tore round the Crescent, hotly pursued by Dowler and the coachman. He kept ahead; the door was open as he came round the second time," etc. Now, objects the son, the Crescent is only a half circle; there is no going round it, you must turn back when you come to the end. He is supposed to have been thinking of the Circus. Hardly—for he knew both well—and Circus and Crescent are things not to be confused. The phrase was a little loose, but, as the Circus was curved, "round" is not inappropriate, and he meant that Winkle turned when he got to the end, ran round, and ran back.

Then, we are told, if it were theatre night, perhaps the visitors met at the theatre. Now, did Mr. Pickwick ever go? This is an open question. Is the chronicler here a little obscure, as he is speaking of "the gentlemen" *en bloc*? Perhaps he did, perhaps he didn't, as "Boz" might say. On his visit to

Rochester it does not appear that he went to see his "picked-up" friend Jingle perform.

The Bath Theatre is in the Saw Close, next door to Beau Nash's picturesque old house. The old, grey front, with its blackened mouldings and sunk windows, is still there; but a deep vestibule or entrance, with offices, has been built out in front, which, as it were, thrusts the old wall back—an uncongenial mixture. Within, the house has been reconstructed, as it is called, so that Mr. Palmer, or Dimond, or any of the old Bath lights, to say nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Siddons, would not recognize it. Attending it one night, I could not but recall the old Bath traditions, when this modest little house supplied the London houses regularly with the best talent, and "from the Theatre Royal, Bath," was a delightful inducement set forth on the bill.

After his brilliant, genial view of the old watering-place, it is a surprise to find "Boz" speaking of it with a certain acerbity and even disgust. Over thirty years later, in 1869, he was there, and wrote to Forster: "The place looks to me like a cemetery, which the dead have succeeded in rising and taking. Having built streets of their old gravestones, they wander about scantily, trying to look alive—a dead failure." And yet, what ghostly recollections must have come back to him as he walked those streets, or as he passed by the Saracen's Head in Walcot, where he had put up in those old days, full of brightness, ardor and enthusiasm; but not yet the famous "Boz!" Bath folk set down this jaundiced view of their town to a sort of pique at the comparative failure of the Guild dramatic performance at the Old Assembly Rooms, where, owing to the faulty arrangement of the stage, hardly a word could be heard, to the dissatisfaction of the audience. The stage, it seems, was put too far behind the proscenium, "owing to the headstrong perversity of Dickens, who never forgave the Bath people." Charles Knight, it was said, remonstrated, but in vain. "Boz," however,

was not a man to indulge in such feelings, and the idea is far fetched.

There had, however, been a previous visit to Bath, in company with Maclise and Forster, to see Landor, who was then living at No. 35 St. James's Square—a house become memorable because it was there that the image of his "Little Nell" first suggested itself. The enthusiastic Landor used, in his "tumultuous" fashion, to proclaim that he would set fire to the house and burn it to the ground, to prevent its being profaned by less sacred associations! He had done things even more extravagant than this, and would take boisterous roars of laughter as his odd compliment was discussed.

The minuteness of his record of the gayeties shows how amused and interested "Boz" was in all that he saw. Nothing escaped him of the routine, day, hour and place; all is given, even the different rooms of the Assembly House. "In the ball-room, the long card-room, the octagon card-room, the stair-cases, the passages, the hum of many voices and the sound of many feet were perfectly bewildering; dresses rustled, feathers waved, lights shone and jewels sparkled. There was the music, not of the quadrille band, for it had not yet commenced," etc. Here Bantam, M. C., arrived at precisely twenty minutes before eight, "to receive the company." And such company! "Brilliant eyes, lighted up with pleasurable expectation, gleamed from every side, and, look where you will, some exquisite form glided gracefully through the throng, and was no sooner lost than it was replaced by another as dainty and bewitching;" the warmth of the description showing how delighted was the young man with all he saw. But how did he secure admission?—for 't was a highly fashionable company; there were vouchers and tickets to be secured. But these were slight difficulties for our brilliant, "pushful" young man. He could make his way, and his mission found him interest. He certainly saw as much of Bath as any one could in the time. Yet, gay and sprightly as his account

of Bath, there may have been a reason why "Boz" may not have recalled the place with pleasurable feelings. It will be recollected that after giving a few lines to the account of Mr. Pickwick and friends being set down at the White Hart, he carries them off at once to lodgings in the Crescent. That first-class hotel was, alas! not open to the poor, overworked reporter; and he could tell of nothing that went forward within its portals. Hotel life on a handsome scale was not for *him*, and he was obliged to put up at far humbler quarters, a sort of common inn.

There is nothing more quaint or interesting than this genuine antique—the Saracen's Head in Walcot. It may pair off with the old White Horse in the Canongate, where "Great Sam" put up for a night. It is surely the most effective of all the old inns one could see. It has two faces, and looks into two different streets, with its double gables, and date (1713) inscribed on a tablet outside. It is a yellow, well-worn little building. And you enter through darkened tunnels, as it were, cut through the house, coming into a strange yard of evident antiquity, with a steep, ladder-like flight of stone steps that leads up to a window much like the old Canongate houses. Here, then, it was that "Boz" put up, and here are preserved traditions and relics of his stay. One of the tales is that, after some exuberant night during the election, he would light his candle, and, having to cross the court, would have it blown out half a dozen times, when he would go back patiently to relight it. They show his chair, and a jug out of which he drank, but one has not so much faith in such chairs and jugs; they always seem to be supplied to demand, and must be found to gratify the pilgrims.

One of the examination queries which might have found a place in Mr. Calverley's paper of questions is this: When did Mr. Pickwick sit down to *make entries in his journal*, and spend half an hour in so doing?—At Bath, on the night of Mr. Winkle's race round the Crescent. What was this journal,

or why did he keep it, or why is this the only allusion to it? Mr. Snodgrass was the appointed historiographer of the party, and his "notes" are often spoken of and appealed to as the basis of the chronicle. But half an hour, as I say, was the time the great man seems to have allotted to his posting up the day's register: "Mr. Pickwick shut up the book, wiped his pen on the bottom of the inside of his coat-tail, and opened the drawer of the inkstand to put it carefully away." How particular—how real all this is! This it is that gives the *living* force to the book, and to the persuasion—irresistible almost—that it is all about *some living person*. I have often wondered how it is that this book of "Boz's" has such an astounding power of development, such a fertility in engendering other books, and what is the secret of it! Scott's astonishing Waverley series, Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," "Boz's" own "Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," in fact, not one of the whole series save "the immortal 'Pickwick,'" has produced anything in the way of books or commentaries. I believe it is really owing to this: "Boz" was a great admirer of Boswell's equally immortal book. I have heard him speak of it. He attempted parodies of it even. He knew all the turns, the Johnsonian twists, "Why, sirs," etc., and used them in his letters. He was permeated with the Johnsonian ether; that detail, that description of trifling things that was in Boswell attracted him, and he felt it; and the fact remains that *Pickwick* is written on the principles—no copy—of the great biography, and that "Boz" applied to a mere fictional story what was related in the account of a living man. Bozzy's very natural and unaffected narrative of details suggested all this to "Boz." I firmly believe that this is the true solution. And it is really curious that Boswell's "Life of Johnson" should be the only other book that tempts people to the same range for commentary, illustrations and speculations. These are of exactly the same character in both books. But to return.

The MS. that Mr. Pickwick so oddly found in the drawer of his inkstand at Mrs. Craddock's, Royal Crescent, Bath, offered another instance of "Boz's" ingenious methods of introducing eplaudical tales into his narrative. He was often hard put to it to find an occasion: they were highly useful to fill a space when he was pressed for matter. He had the strongest *penchant* for this sort of thing, and it clung to him through life. Those in "Pickwick" are exceedingly good, full of spirit and "go," save one, the "Martha Lobbs" story, which is a poorish thing. So good are the others that they have been taken out and published separately. They were no doubt written for magazines, and were lying by him, but his Bath story—"The True Legend of Prince Bladud"—was written specially. It is quite in the vein of Elia's Roast Pig story, and very gayly told. He had probably been reading some local guide-book, with the mythical account of Prince Bladud, and this suggested to him his own humorous version. At the close he sets Mr. Pickwick a-yawning several times, who, when he had arrived at the end of this little manuscript, which certainly could not have been compressed into "a couple of sheets of writing-paper," but would have covered at least ten pages, replaced it in the drawer, and "then, with a countenance of the utmost *accari-ness*, lighted his chamber candle and went up-stairs to bed." And here, by the way, is one of the amusing oversights which give such a piquancy to *Pickwick*. Before he began to read his paper we are carefully told that Mr. Pickwick "unfolded it, lighted his bed-room candle that it might burn up by the time he had finished." It was Mr. C. Kent who pointed this out to him, when "Boz" seized the volume and humorously made as though he would hurl it at his friend.

Anyone interested in Bath must of necessity be interested in Bristol, to which, as all know, Mr. Winkle fled after the unhappy business in the Circus. He found a coach at the Royal Hotel—which no longer exists—

a vehicle which, we are told, went the whole distance "twice a day and more" with a single pair of horses. There he put up at the Bush, where Mr. Pickwick was to follow him presently. The Bush—a genuine Pickwick inn, where Mr. Pickwick first heard the news of the action that was to be brought against him—stood in Corn Street, near to the Guildhall, the most busy street in Bristol; but it was taken down in 1864, and the present Wiltshire Bank erected on the site.

It must have been awkward for Winkle to present himself once more at Mrs. Craddock's in the Crescent. How was the incident to be explained save either at his own expense or at that of Mr. Dowler? If Dowler were supposed to have gone in pursuit of him, then Mr. Winkle must have fled; and if he were supposed to have gone to seek a friend, then Dowler was rather compromised. No doubt both gentlemen agreed to support the one story that they had gone away for mutual satisfaction, and had made it up.

Nothing is more wonderful than "Boz's" propriety in dealing with his incidents, a propriety that is really instinctive. Everything falls out in the correct, natural way. For instance, Mr. Pickwick having received such a shock at the Bush—the announcement of the Bardell action—was scarcely in heart to resume his jollity and gayeties at Bath. We might naturally expect a resumption of the frolics there. He accordingly returned there; but we are told curtly, "The remainder of the period which Mr. Pickwick had assigned as the duration of his stay at Bath passed over without the occurrence of anything material. Trinity term commenced on the expiration of its first week. Mr. Pickwick and his friends returned to London; and the former gentleman, attended of course by Sam, straightway repaired to his old quarters at the George and Vulture."

And now in these simple sentences have we not the secret of the great attraction of the book? Who would not

suppose that this was a passage from a biography of some one that had lived? How carefully minute! and yet how naturally the time is accounted for—"passed over without the occurrence of anything material." It is impossible to resist this air of *crâchemblance*.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

From Leisure Hour.
THE GROWERS OF HAARLEM.

A ROMANCE OF A FLOWER SHOW.

I.

It was the day before the great Haarlem Flower Show; all hands were busy in the Overveen and Haarlem Nurseries.

Mijnheer Van Goes owned large gardens and bulb-fields in both places; he now stood, big and well-dressed, near the entrance of his Haarlem garden, looking on, while each especially chosen plant, wrapped in its mat cover, was lifted into the cart ready to convey the exhibits to the judges' tent. The grower's tall, broad figure stood as if it were carved in wood—not a muscle of his large, fleshy face moved, till the last plant was in the cart; he then gave a satisfied grunt, and rubbed his thick hands one over the other.

"Bring round the chaise," his voice sounded full of authority.

Two men went to a shed on the right of the neatly kept yard; a low wall separated this from the vista of gardens beyond; on the farther side of the wall were rows of frames, filled with young plants, in various stages of growth.

Mijnheer Van Goes slightly rolled in his walk, as he went to the back entrance of his house, at the end of the yard; he presently came out carrying a carefully wrapped flower-pot; in this was his treasure, a seedling *Montbretia*, so secretly grown under his own personal care that not even Jan Rooms, his old and trusted foreman, had been allowed to see it.

The Horticultural Council of the worshipping town of Haarlem had offered a

prize for the most beautiful novelty in flowering plants. Van Goes felt sure he should win it; he had, therefore, been most careful that no one should suspect the name or nature of the special exhibit on which he had expended so much time and care. He climbed slowly and ponderously into his heavy-looking, leather-curtained chaise; then placing between his feet the plant he carried, and shaking the reins, he induced his well-fed, broad-backed horse to jog on towards the public gardens.

Behind the chaise came the cart, filled with exhibits, pushed by a couple of stout porters in the direction taken by their master.

These proceedings had been watched from another part of the ground, which would one day call him master, by Franz, a tall, powerful-looking young fellow, the only son of Van Goes, the richest bulb-merchant and largest flower-grower of Haarlem.

When the front gates closed behind the cart, Franz clasped his hands under his coat-skirts; his head was bent forward, and his big blue eyes were fixed on the ground. He had a fine, honest-looking face, not so sensual or choleric as that of many another Hollander, not perhaps so clever a face as his father's, but with a more genial expression.

Franz went on through the first garden, just now a blaze of blue and bronze, of red and golden iris, with here and there streaks of snowy white. The plots that filled the huge garden seemed to glow in the sunshine. Franz passed through an opening in the green hedge boundary into a large, square enclosure, big enough for a meadow, and laid out in hundreds of raised beds in which the many-tinted *ixia* blossoms likened the place to a gorgeous garden of butter-flies, at once gay and fragile, as the flowers trembled above their slender green lances; some of these blossoms were emerald green; they looked more like spring than summer flowers.

Franz Van Goes did not so much as glance at the many-tinted *ixia* blossoms. At that moment he mentally saw a face, fairer to him than the love-

liest flower, the face of Neeltje Breijns.

"There is no one like her," he said passionately—"no one in Overveen or in Haarlem. It is not only her beauty; she is so sweet, so true, she looks goodness itself; yet I dare not speak to her; she must guess my feelings, but I dare not say, 'I love you, Neeltje, as well as ever.'" He sighed, and walked on. "Why cannot I speak? Because her father has lost his money, and cannot afford to give his daughter a penny when she marries. Money, indeed! Thunder and lightning! what are Dutchmen coming to? Is everything to be ruled by the guilder? Our old painters did not think so. What is Haarlem noted for, and why do strangers visit our town? They may perhaps come in spring-time to see our tulips and hyacinths, but they come in far greater numbers to see the pictures of our immortal Franz Hals. At Amsterdam, too, Rembrandt, Jan Steen and Van der Helst and a score of great men like them are the pride and glory of Holland; their names will for centuries outlast those of grovelling bulb-merchants. Pah! their treasure is there in the ground. Our painters married wives because they loved them, not to add to their store. Well, then, why don't I imitate the ancient worthies in the only way I can? Rembrandt and his Saskia were extremely happy people. Yes, rich men nowadays fail to see that happiness cannot be bought; those painters had happy homes with the wives they loved. I love Neeltje," the poor fellow groaned in despair, "and her father and mine will not let me speak to her, on my present means. Would she say Yes, I wonder, and marry me on forty guildens a week? I might soon lose that: my father would perhaps turn me out, if I were to marry without his leave; I could not get employment hereabouts, if he sent me adrift."

Franz turned restlessly in his walk as if to get away from this torment, but a more vexing thought soon came to him. His own father might be too ambitious for his son, and he had been particularly hard in this matter, so that the re-

lations between them had lately become strained. Mijneer Van Goes was honorable and upright, and these qualities, united to the rare skill he had shown as a grower, had given him the exalted position he held among the worshipful burghers of Haarlem. But Mijneer Breijlincs was a different person.

While Franz stood thinking about him, his mouth took a yet more benevolent expression. "Poor old chap! it may be that poverty has made him grasping, and not disposed to study others; well, I am not happy to think of my girl in the hands of such a money-loving father."

Franz was too high-minded to repeat, even to himself, the rumor he had heard. Breijlincs was said to look on his pretty daughter as merchandise, and was supposed to be ready to sell her out of hand to the first suitable husband he could find. This fear was Franz's crowning torment; he was only twenty-three, and Neeltje was barely twenty—they could have waited a year or two; but Franz wished to make the future safe by a present betrothal, and it was to this proposal that both fathers had refused their consent.

Van Goes had announced to his son his intention of making him a full partner on his twenty-fifth birthday; but he had also said that Franz could not honorably visit at the Breijlincs' house until he was able to propose for Neeltje.

The young fellow had not often talked with her since they played together as children and he used to call her his "little wife," but he believed the sweet-faced girl cared for him; he knew that she would be at the Flower Show, probably both to-day and to-morrow, and this would have been an admirable opportunity, had he been free to speak.

A sound of coming wheels made him hurry to the end of the grounds; his eyes brightened with expectation—he had been waiting for the passing of the Breijlincs' vehicle on its road from Overveen to the Haarlem Flower Show.

The trimly kept hawthorn bush at this end of the grounds was not as tall as Franz was, and over it he saw, slowly approaching, a leather-hooded

chaise like his father's, but drawn by an ill-fed horse; the leather curtains were open, and Franz could plainly see Juffrouw Breijlincs seated between two men.

Breijlincs was driving. He was small and short-necked, and he had little hungry eyes. The other man looked tall and lean; he had a hatchet-shaped face, and a high-bridged nose. He seemed eager and excited; his blood-shot eyes were spectacled; he kept both hands clasped round a carefully packed plant which he held on his knees.

Franz stood bareheaded till the chaise had passed; he had eyes only for the tender, shy smile Neeltje had given him, in return for his greeting. She had looked lovelier than ever, he thought, a vivid blush rising in her cheeks, and her smiling red lips curved and showing the pretty little teeth within. It was only after the carriage had passed out of sight that Franz recalled the face of the man who sat beside her; then a foreboding seized him. This must be Moritz Velp, a man from abroad, who was said to have money, and who had lately contrived to purchase a nursery-ground on the death of its owner, in spite of the avowed dislike of the worthy merchants of Haarlem to interlopers. Was not this Moritz Velp the man who had boasted that he "would take the prize for novelties out of the mouths of the old-fashioned dullards of Haarlem?"

Franz's father had repeated this to his son as a good joke, and had added, "The poor wretch shall be allowed to make a fool of himself if he chooses." Franz had joined in the laugh against Velp, and had quickly forgotten all about him.

Now he recalled the man's eager face, its clever, capable expression, and a strange fear took hold of him. He knew all the faces of the Overveen growers, he knew, too, that Velp lived there; there could be no doubt that this was the newcomer, with the plant which he had boasted would establish his reputation.

"If he wins the prize, he wins Neeltje."

Franz started as though he had been struck, these words sounded so distinctly close beside him; he frowned heavily, and nerved himself for a struggle.

"No, no, he will not win the prize; he cannot beat my father, no one can. The dear old man will come back presently, flushed with triumph at his success; I must be ready to receive and to congratulate him, and when I ask him to go with me to Breijlincs, he will consent, I know he will."

Franz did not account to himself for this sudden and unreasonable change to hope from despair; if he had noticed it, he would have said that the sight of Neeltje's face made everything *coulour de rose*.

II.

The flower-show was to be in the public gardens, and the long, snowy tents, with scarlet scollops along their edges and flags flying, were all ready. The show was not to open to the public till to-morrow morning, but the judges were busy there to-day, and also a few of the chief exhibitors, among whom Mijneer Van Goes had been one of the late arrivals.

Hungry-eyed Breijlincs stood beside his pretty daughter at the entrance of the biggest tent. Neeltje seemed to be looking for some one; her head was turned away; so that her bonnet hid her face, but left in view the shining tendrils of her auburn hair, curling against her white throat, so white that it seemed wonderful how in so treeless a country the sun had not scorched its fairness. Neeltje was less than middle height, and she looked very soft and yielding; but now, as her father spoke and she turned to face him, the spirited expression in her blue eyes did not quite match with the pink-and-white softness of her skin, and her general look of sweetness.

"Neeltje," her father was saying, "you should offer your congratulations to Moritz Velp; everyone says he will be adjudged the Novelty prize."

Juffrouw Breijlincs looked into the tent, and saw, close to the entrance, the

long, thin body and high nose of Moritz Velp, contrasting oddly enough with the bulky figure and massive head of Mijneer Van Goes.

"Velp, my daughter wishes to offer you her congratulations." Breijlincs spoke as if he had not observed Van Goes. "May I ask you presently to see her home? I may have to stay here a while longer, and it is not a nice place for her."

Van Goes kept in the background; he did not even bow to Neeltje.

The girl looked at Velp.

"I congratulate you, sir," but she spoke in a formal tone; she had ideas of her own, and just now she felt doubly vexed, first because Mijneer Van Goes did not speak to her, and next that he should hear her father hand her over in this way to a comparative stranger, for she had only once or twice spoken to Velp before to-day.

At this moment Van Goes pushed his way through the group at the tent entrance, and went in search of his chaise; as he passed Velp he stiffly nodded to him.

Breijlincs had no mind to let his old acquaintance off so easily. He hurried after him to the gate of the gardens, but Van Goes seemed to be unaware that he was followed. As he was getting into his chaise he felt a hand on his shoulder, and looking round he saw the small, hungry eyes twinkling with suppressed enjoyment.

"My dear friend," Breijlincs panted out—his haste had taken away his breath—"I beg to offer you the assurance of my unbounded sympathy; it is hard on you, but there is no doubt, there can be no reasonable doubt, that Velp will get the Novelty prize."

Van Goes was on his driving seat, and he had to restrain a sudden longing to cut Breijlincs across the face with his horse-whip, but in public he always preserved the phlegmatic exterior he considered suited to his position; besides, several of his acquaintances were near.

"Thank you," he said curtly, "your friend is no doubt clever, and he has luck."

He gave his petted horse so sharp a lash that the creature set off at full speed for the nursery ground.

Breijlacks grinned unpleasantly as he went back to his daughter.

"Ha-ha, I wish you had been there, child, to hear me condole with that arrogant old butter-tub Goes; he thinks you and me no better than dirt. Never mind, my girl, we shall see what we shall see when Moritz Velp becomes the first grower in Overveen. Now I am wanted in the tent."

Moritz Velp bowed stiffly in answer to this compliment. He was just starting a new business, and he did not wish to hamper himself with a wife, but as he looked down at Neeltje's sweet face, he felt a sudden covetous admiration for this fair piece of pink-and-white loveliness.

"Juffrouw Breijlacks will now permit me to obey her respected father's instructions, and to drive her to Overveen."

He bowed low, and spoke with deference.

"I am none the less obliged to you, Mijlneer, but I am not going back to Overveen till to-morrow; we sleep to-night at my aunt's house in the Zyl Straat. I return you many thanks, Mijlneer, but I can walk that short distance without an escort."

"With your pardon, it is not possible that you should go alone."

Neeltje remonstrated, but Moritz Velp's will proved itself inflexible; and as he walked beside her to the Zyl Straat, he made such amusing remarks on the hindrances they met with that the girl enjoyed the walk, and found herself laughing in a wholly unexpected manner. She even forgot that she had chosen to go by the back streets and alleys lest anyone should see her walking with Velp, and in one narrow street she was glad of his help in shielding her from the torrents of water, freely squirted at the window-panes by stout-armed rival hand-maidens standing beside their water-pails on either side of the alley.

Velp thought her the prettiest girl he had seen; but when she reached her

aunt's house Neeltje did not ask him in; he felt mortified when she thanked him for his escort, and stiffly said good-by on the doorstep. The girl felt vexed that she had been compelled to walk with him, and she was angry with herself that she had laughed at his talk.

"Franz will be angry if he hears of it; it will vex him." She said this very sadly as she went into her aunt's smart little parlor.

III.

Franz stood waiting in his father's big, dull dining-room; he did not expect him for a good half-hour, but he wanted to be there to congratulate him as soon as he returned. Franz felt both hopeful and nervous, in the mood when one is glad of anything external to divert thought from self; but in this dull room, though the furniture was costly, there was not a picture on the walls, nor a flower on the massive side-board. There was, it is true, a large bookcase with glazed doors, but this was filled partly by ledgers, huge and brown-backed, while on the upper shelves were numerous framed testimonials respecting the medals awarded to Mijlneer Van Goes, and to his father before him, by the judges of Dutch and foreign exhibitions in which the growers had triumphed over their compeers.

But these things had been familiar to Franz since he was a child; and though he was not a great reader, except of gardening books, he longed for an illustrated paper like those he saw at the club on the market-place. He walked impatiently up and down the room, and twisted his fair moustache, while he wondered how he could possibly bear another half-hour of this suspense. What was that? He looked out of the window, and saw his father driving in through the open gates. He must have hurried home to tell his good news, without enjoying to the full the well-deserved congratulations that had surely been heaped upon him.

"It is very kind of the dear old man," Franz thought.

He waited a few minutes, then, as his

father did not come, he went out to seek him.

Mijnheer Van Goes was not in the yard; the men there looked sheepish, as though they had been rebuked; the glumness of their faces puzzled Franz.

"Is my father in the grounds?" he asked the foreman.

"Yes, Junker."

The man pointed towards the *ixla* garden.

Franz knew that his father was proud of the success with which he grew the lovely flower, and especially of the last novelty he had produced among *ixias*, the emerald-green blossoms which had made a sensation in bulb culture only a few years ago. But when Franz came in sight of him, Mijnheer Van Goes was not looking at his green *ixias*; he was walking up and down the broad, sandy path that divided the gay *sparaxis* bed from the *ixias*, with his hands clasped behind him. He abruptly turned, and his son saw his face; it was purple, his eyes were almost hidden by his heavily frowning eyebrows; he looked positively evil, and Franz felt shocked as he looked at him.

"What do you want?" his father said; "I do not wish for company, Franz."

In the fulness of his amiable nature, Franz was slow at reading tokens which a more cynical person would have perceived at once.

"I came out to congratulate you, father," but his voice faltered at the now unmistakable gloom in the grower's face; "I hoped you had reaped the success you deserve."

The words were well chosen, and his father's frown relaxed.

"That is true, my boy," he growled; "I deserved the prize, but nowadays desert does not count. A stranger, a mere nobody"—his eyes sparkled, and he stretched out his clenched fist to emphasize his words—"yes, to a stranger, a mere interloper, will be adjudged the prize for Novelties. Thunder and lightning! Van Goes the grower beaten by a nobody! What will they say at Amsterdam, and at the Hague?"

The tragedy in his voice might have

moved a looker-on to laughter, but it awakened his son's sympathy. Franz left off thinking of his future with Neeltje; it was terrible that his father should have been defeated, and all his skill and strength spent in vain.

"That is unjust, and I am very sorry"—he caught his father's hand and warmly pressed it. "I cannot believe that anyone could really beat you on your own ground, father."

Mijnheer Van Goes drew his pudgy hand away, and clasped it behind him with its fellow; his face, however, was more peaceful.

"I will be just, Franz. My *Montbretia* variety is undoubtedly a rarity, but then *Montbretias* are well-known; the plant which is said to deserve the prize is one I have never seen or heard of. Velp found it in Japan, when he was traveller to a great English grower, and he says he has spent three years in bringing it to perfection; you must go and see it, Franz. I must give the fellow his due, the thing is perfect. But, but"—he frowned, turned away, and walked angrily up and down.

Franz was surprised; he thought this unusual display of anger undignified, unworthy of his father.

"You have not told me all," he said presently. "What is it, father?"

Van Goes seemed about to speak; then he hesitated, and his frown came back; at last he walked up to his son, and took him by the arm.

"See here, Franz, you told me some while ago that you could not be happy till I asked Breijlincs to give you his daughter."

"I still say so, father; but we will not speak of that now."

"Thunder and lightning! You ask what ails me! Me, the chief grower of Haarlem, I may say truly of the Netherlands; first of all I have been baited by the lofty airs and supercilious patronage of this man, Moritz Velp, a fellow about whom not a soul knows anything but what he chooses to relate; and when I was free of him, I had to listen to the condolence, or derision, whichever you like to call it, of his parasite, that—that fellow Breijlincs;

stay, listen, boy; unless I greatly mistake, he means to hand over to Velp your much-beloved Neeltje."

Franz reddened to the roots of his hair.

"This shall not be, father; Breijlincs shall not do it. I will not give up Neeltje; it is bad enough that an interloper has come between you and your justly earned prize, but that he should try to carry off my girl, the prettiest girl in Overveen, I say no, a thousand times; you must not permit it, you shall not. You, the friend and counsellor of our worthy burgomaster, you to whom everyone you meet in the street uncovers—you must not, you cannot, allow such an injustice as this."

His son's sudden fiery speech had taken Van Goes by surprise. He plunged his hands into his baggy trouser pockets, and stood looking at his tall son from head to foot for several minutes.

Then his fleshy face slowly relaxed into an appreciative smile. "Good; I tell you what it is, my lad, you are slow at figures, and you are not yet much at bulb-growing, but I see now what you can be quick at. Thunder and lightning! Franz, that's the way to win a woman: you speak up like that to Juffrouw Breijlincs, and Moritz Velp will be nowhere."

Franz stared; he could not believe that he had heard truly.

"I do not understand, father," he said after a pause. "Breijlincs will not listen to any proposal of mine till I am twenty-five—he has already told me so."

"Green wisdom, green wisdom"—Van Goes shook his big head; "why waste time in staring at your own father? Hurry up, my boy, put on your holiday rig, and your best hat, and come away with me to find Breijlincs."

Franz turned to obey, not quite sure whether he was awake or dreaming.

"Aha-aha-aha-a." Van Goes broke into a chuckle, which went on till his face was once more purple. "Green wits are quick enough to see the force of a remedy, though they cannot apply it themselves," he said as soon as he

could speak. "Velp may take the prize, but I'll be drowned if he shall have the girl; I shall see to that; I'll put out his pipe with Breijlincs. Who is Velp, I'd like to know? and what is he compared with the second partner in the house of Van Goes and Son? Eh, Franz, are you there, second partner? Come away, come, there's no time to be lost."

IV.

The father and son walked side by side down the town. They had met a friend near the public gardens who told them Breijlincs was to be found at Zyl Straat, and they were on their way to seek him.

They did not go by the narrow lanes and alleys chosen by Neeltje; they walked down the principal street, continually hat in hand in answer to the obsequious greetings of some of their fellow townsmen. Then, crossing the wooden bridge near the street's end, they reached the farther side of the tree-bordered canal, and turned into Zyl Straat. Van Goes stopped before they came to the house to which they had been directed.

"See here, Franz, you had better go back and wait yonder for me"—he nodded towards the canal; "I will come and fetch you when I have said a few words to old Breijlincs."

Franz nodded. He wished to accompany his father, but he knew it was useless to say so; he went back to the canal, and paced slowly up and down under the lime-trees on the edge of the sloping green bank, which was decorated at intervals with gay flower-beds. He was bewildered; his chances seemed too good to be true.

His father, meantime, had reached the little parlor, and had formally asked the consent of Breijlincs to the betrothal of Juffrouw Breijlincs to his son Franz. At this the hungry-eyed man slowly shook his head, and smiled as if he were enjoying a joke. Van Goes looked stolid, but he sat chafing with impatience to finish his proposal.

Breijlincs at last broke the silence.

"My good friend"—he looked compassionately at Van Goes—"see how evil a

thing is procrastination; dear me, if I had only guessed; but how, I ask you, my respected friend, was it possible for me to guess that you intended thus to honor us? Why, a couple of hours ago you passed my child by as if she was a stranger."

Van Goes reddened, and looked troubled.

"I intended no disrespect to Juffrouw Breijlincs; I was thinking of—of something else."

"To be sure, to be sure," purred Breijlincs, "you were thinking of Velp's exhibit, and were naturally mortified at his success. I—I fully accept your apology, but you see it does not rest with me; girls are tenacious, and they rarely forgive a slight; yes, it is very unfortunate, Neeltje finds Velp such a clever and amusing companion, that—aw, I grieve to quench your hopes, but I am obliged to give my sanction to his wishes respecting my daughter."

Van Goes tried to keep up his show of indifference, but at this the corners of his mouth twitched.

"Then you have made a huge mistake. Velp is much too old for your daughter; he is twenty years at least older than Franz is, and I doubt if he is yet in a position to marry."

The little grower's hungry eyes sparkled angrily.

"Not so fast, friend Goes. Velp can give my girl as good a home as she requires, and his future will be splendid, magnificent. Even if you had proposed sooner, I must have refused; I could not give my Neeltje to your son, who only earns the wages of an ordinary gardener. No, indeed," he shook his head, and then said in a lofty tone, "We need not go into that; you would not have me break my word to Moritz Velp, and you could not ask me to force my child's inclinations."

He rubbed his hands softly together; he felt that he had taken his revenge.

When Breijlincs compared Franz to an ordinary gardener, Van Goes had given a broad smile; he now said in a careless tone, without any of the anger that might have been expected:—

"Is that your last word, Breijlincs? Are you then solemnly pledged to this—this man with a magnificent future?"

Breijlincs reddened.

"I consider myself pledged to the honorable grower who will to-morrow receive the much sought-after prize for the best novelty."

Van Goes stiffly rose; he stood towering over his little companion.

"Good; that settles it. I am sorry for Juffrouw Breijlincs; she has lost her chance. I came to ask her to be the wife of my partner, Junker Van Goes, who begins mercantile life on even a better footing than his father did; he and I are to share and share alike. But it is no matter. Good-day, neighbor."

He walked quickly to the door, but Breijlincs reached it as soon as he did. He panted with excitement as he exclaimed:—

"Wait a moment; do you mean me to understand that your son is full partner with you, that he stands on equal terms in your house?"

"I say what I mean," Van Goes looked amused.

"Of course, my esteemed friend." Breijlincs was suddenly obsequious.

"Why then did you not begin by telling me your son's good luck? I had understood—well—well—shall we leave it to Juffrouw Breijlincs herself? It is, after all, her affair. Shall we go upstairs and ask her which of the two men she prefers as a husband?"

Van Goes looked surprised; then he said slowly:—

"How about your promise to Velp—your plighted word, you know, to your honorable friend and his magnificent future?—eh, Breijlincs?" He ended with an irrepressible chuckle.

Breijlincs drew up his diminutive figure, and struck his chest twice with the palm of his right hand.

"Mijnheer!" he said in an injured tone, "do me justice. My child is my all; I am a faithful friend, but as a father I am devoted; Neeltje is the marrow of my eyes. We will go at once to the precious darling, but I must caution you—if she chooses Velp, I side

with her; yes, that is inevitable, my friend."

Van Goes looked at him with curious interest from head to foot.

"Exactly so. I agree to leave it to Juffrouw Breijlincs. Come with me now, and we will call in Franz, who must be tired of waiting."

Franz had scarcely taken his eyes from the house; when he saw his father beckon, and Breijlincs beside him, the young fellow's heart leapt with joy; he hurried forward to join them.

Breijlincs made a formal bow, and ushered him into the parlor.

He asked him to be seated, and then said pompously:—

"Your father has asked me to propose you as a husband to my daughter Juffrouw Neeltje Breijlincs, but this, friend Franz, is a very serious request, and one that requires consideration; I—aw—I consider that I ought to ascertain my daughter's feelings before I venture to lay such a proposal before her."

He rose and went to the door; Franz also got up and put his hand on the little grower's arm.

"Mijnheer Breijlincs," he said boldly, "I love Mademoiselle Neeltje and I want her for my wife; as you do not object to my proposal, I will go with you, and speak for myself."

Breijlincs looked disturbed. Van Goes laughed heartily.

"Right, my boy," the big grower said, "a middleman is no use in love-making; we'll all go up-stairs—the more the merrier, and it will shorten suspense."

Breijlincs frowned and muttered, but while he stood shuffling from one foot to the other, Franz had pushed past him, the young fellow was up the staircase, and had reached the drawing-room door before either of his seniors could overtake him.

Van Goes was no longer stolid-looking; he had expanded as suddenly as a tulip bud in sunshine; he turned a beaming face to Breijlincs.

"Come, come, take it easy, we need not hurry; they don't want us, bless you; the young do these things best alone; come along slowly with me—it is more dignified, my friend."

He tucked the unwilling father's hand under his arm and held him fast, till a murmur of voices told them that Franz had found Neeltje in the room above. At this he whisked Breijlincs up-stairs, threw open the drawing-room door with a flourish, and they both went in.

Neeltje had risen; her eyes were tenderly fixed on Franz, who stood holding her hand with his back turned to the door; the aunt was looking discreetly out of the window.

"Neeltje," Breijlincs shouted—the girl looked at him, but she did not draw her hand away from Franz—"I have told my friend here that I give you free liberty to choose between Junker Van Goes and Mijnheer Velp. Mijnheer Velp is, as you well know, favorably disposed towards you; if you prefer Moritz Velp, I desire you to confess it—do not fear that I shall oppose your wishes."

Neeltje blushed; as she looked at her father her color deepened, she softly drew her hand from her lover's warm grasp, and slipped her fingers under his arm.

"Father?" in a surprised tone, "you know well enough I can never marry anyone but Franz; why?"—she smiled up tenderly at the young fellow—"why, Franz has been my husband ever since I could speak."

She stopped—her eyes drooped under her lover's ardent glance. Franz put his arm round her, and heartily kissed her.

"Ha-ha-ha, well done!" Van Goes clapped his hands, while he roared with laughter; "now that is what I call a betrothal in earnest; the Novelty prize may go to Jericho now this is settled." He crossed over to Neeltje and kissed her forehead. "Now, my pretty daughter, I wish you to arrange this matter with me; you are far more welcome than any Novelty prize, and I want you to name the day and come home to brighten our old house." He turned to Breijlincs—"Neeltje will settle it all; it is, as you said just now, quite her own business."

Breijlincs came forward, and solemnly kissed his daughter.

"I give you my blessing, child," he said in his oily voice.

Van Goes stood by chuckling.

"That's about all you'll give her, I know," he said to himself.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

From The Spectator.
AMERICAN SOCIAL FORCES.

Not the least interesting items in the war news from America have been those relating to the regiments formed by rich and influential young Americans for action in Cuba. Mr. Roosevelt, who has established a considerable reputation in the political world, has thrown up his office of Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, and has gone to the front at the head of a regiment of Western cowboys. One of General Grant's sons, a son of Mr. Blaine, a son of General Alger, Secretary of War, and other young men of high social position or with political influence, have also received important commands. As soon as the war broke out Mr. Bryan, too, found it necessary to demonstrate his patriotism by offering his services to his political opponent, the President, and it was reported that he had been given the command of a Nebraska regiment. There is no suggestion in all this of any dubious influences at work. It is to be presumed that nobody has been appointed who was not qualified, and that every one who applied was moved by a genuine spirit of patriotism. Nevertheless, it is plain that there are social influences at work in America, as there are here, which secure for an applicant a certain superior chance over another applicant. It is clear that the theoretic political equality is greatly modified by the perpetual impact of social forces born out of the conditions of American life. This fact was very obvious in the Civil War. In spite of his utter failure in the field, McClellan was retained by Lincoln long after he had ceased to be useful, save to the enemy, while the *novi homines*, like

Grant and Sheridan, had to encounter not a little prejudice and intrigue before they had a free hand. The career was open to the talents of the younger men, but the social position held by the older counted for not a little in his retention of his post. Two enthusiastic opponents of slavery in Massachusetts raised black regiments in the Civil War, and earned for themselves affection and fame; but they could scarcely have done it had they not occupied a social position of the highest kind, accepted as such by everybody, and to which no German or Irish naturalized citizen, however excellent or wealthy, could have laid claim. What, then, are the social forces which make for distinction in American life?

The question is not so easy to answer as it would be in any European country. Here distinction is apt to be regarded as political distinction, because for centuries the great majority of our distinguished men, even including many men of letters, have been connected with political life. A Macaulay or a Disraeli, who might have been well content with the fame derived from letters, burned to enter the political arena, and the ambition was regarded as natural and just. But Prescott and Motley never dreamed of going to Congress, and nobody ever expected either to do so. Yet it would be quite erroneous to imagine that Prescott and Motley were not held in as great honor and regarded as citizens of as great distinction in America as Macaulay and Disraeli were here. On the whole, to be actively connected with politics in America is to be popular, influential, but not distinguished—at any rate since the era of Webster and Clay, the last distinguished men of the old school, who were "natural" and stately political leaders in the same sense that Cavour and Guizot and Mr. Gladstone were. The successful senator, governor or political "boss" of a great city may be a pleasant, gentlemanly, well-informed man, or he may not; but he usually does not count as a person of genuine distinction, and

the presumption is apt to be against him in that respect. Hereditary distinction is of course out of the question except in the very oldest states. In a Western city founded only thirty or forty years ago one's grandfather does not count as a social factor. In the older states this is not quite so true. Three generations of the Adamses held high office and received marked attention, though personally not very popular. Three generations of Bayards sat in the Senate from Delaware. A Quincy is at the present moment mayor of Boston. But on the whole, if we look over the lists of both Houses of Congress, of the state Legislatures, of leading municipal councils, we shall be struck by the absence of historic names or representatives of ancient families. It is evident that, so far as political life is concerned, the old social forces manifested for centuries in Europe have largely ceased to operate in America. What has taken their place? Apparently the man who now succeeds is he who best represents a vast collective force of average humanity, its temporary sentiment, local feeling, direct and obvious interests, and calculating common-sense. The individual, in short, has "withered," and the "world is more and more."

Superficial observation would lead to the belief that the "almighty dollar" is by far the greatest of social forces in America, and that to it every other force must bow. Nobody can deny that in America, as all over the civilized world, concentrated wealth is now a gigantic and dangerous power. The equipment of whole regiments of volunteers by rich people is certainly a significant fact, as is the power of the Trust in politics. On the surface, too, "society" in an American city appears to be dominated by rich people in their own interests. We have all heard of the "four hundred" in New York, and of the lavish expenditure which marks their entertainments. But enormous wealth is only a supreme power in so far as people choose to bow to its influence and to acknowledge it as the

controlling element in their lives. Now we doubt, in spite of external manifestations, if there is more worship of the golden calf in America than there is elsewhere. The marriages of American heiresses to European nobles seem to hint at a devotion to Mammon in Europe which is the more keen because of the bare acres and empty coffers on this side of the Atlantic; while on the American side a certain worship of rank seems to be as clearly suggested. The mass of American people, like the mass of every other people, are comparatively poor, and with little love, as a rule, for the rich class, but with a keen appreciation of some of the fruits of wealth. The desire for material enjoyment and for material conveniences is a democratic tendency, and it is, therefore, marked among American people. Thus it is that the making of money is a great social force in America, but it must be carefully differentiated from that vulgar worship of wealth which is thought to mark the millionaire. Men cannot afford to sit still and "get left," as they put it; consequently the energy displayed in business and the time devoted to it are out of all proportion to the mere desire for accumulation. Nor can the very rich man in America command such avenues to celebrity as he can in Europe. Every one knows him, remembers when he started as a poor boy; there is no glamour of antiquity about his family. He may have built for himself a splendid villa, but nobody goes to see him; he commands none of the attachment which a man in his position would secure in Europe. On the whole, therefore, we do not think that mere wealth, great as is its power, holds that supreme position in America which is too commonly supposed. A force it is, a very great force, but not the greatest. Is it not a remarkable fact that neither political party dare nominate a rich man for the Presidency? The truth is, that the average quiet, undemonstrative American citizen, who in the last resort really rules, is distrustful of great wealth; and events are likely before

long to happen which will make evident that distrust.

There is a force in American life whose persistence and whose unquestioned sway does honor to the American people. We refer to the force of education. Mr. Bryce once said with truth that the most respected and influential men in America were the college presidents. Not one Englishman in a thousand knows who is at the head of Oxford or Cambridge; but the great mass of American people not only know who is at the head of Harvard or Columbia: they honor him as they honor no other man save the President of the Republic. When President Eliot of Harvard went over to the Democratic party it was treated as a national event, and no hall in Boston was large enough to contain the crowds who went to hear him make a campaign speech. The candidature of President Low for the mayoralty of Greater New York could scarcely have happened elsewhere in the world. When the president of Brown University declared for Mr. Bryan and the silver cause, columns were devoted to the event in the newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The influence of not a few of the leading Harvard professors is being exerted at the present moment on New England against the Spanish-American War, and it is a factor recognized at once and everywhere. As with the university, so with the common school: it is a great and powerful institution, far greater than in England. In these elements of her life, indeed, America more closely resembles Scotland and the Scandinavian countries than any other part of Europe. If you want to find any genuine aristocracy in New England, in Ohio, in Minnesota, you find it in the collegiate class, in the teachers and officers of the universities and colleges. This is a good omen for the future. Closely joined with this class is the religious class, which wields an immense influence. The accession of Archbishop Ireland to Mr. McKinley two years ago was worth many thousands of votes—and not all of them Catholic

votes, either. The utterance of leading preachers, reproduced by the newspapers, are read by millions. To be connected with a church is a sign of social distinction which even politicians value, and which is apt to degenerate into hypocrisy. The church-going practice on the one hand, and the coarse life of the "saloon" on the other, often seem to a stranger to divide America into obviously pious and reprobate classes, for the shadings of English life are not so palpable there. But when it comes to a crisis the spiritual heirs of English Puritanism contrive to win, and thus one finds that Puritanism, stripped of its impossible dogmas, humanized, and—we may add—moralized, is one of the supreme forces of American life, underlying all the "sensual and avaricious" tendencies on which Matthew Arnold spoke so freely to the American people. The school-master and the preacher are, in short, the two factors held in highest esteem, and these, when America "finds her soul," will always be found topmost in her social fabric, the real, unacknowledged aristocracy of American life. So long as this remains true, the vessel of American democracy may be beaten about by the fierce tempests which must come, but she will not go under.

From The Saturday Review.

THE TRADE IN BIRD SKINS.

Strenuous denials have of late been made in certain quarters that the osprey plume is as much worn to-day as ever. There are very good reasons why these denials should be discredited, as I hope to demonstrate further on. Statistics at least show that the destruction of birds for millinery purposes is not on the decline, and I think the recapitulation of a few items which I have derived from an authentic source will prove of interest in this connection, especially when experts have taken the pains to correct and verify them. At the same time they will show that the

butchery of which bird lovers complain is one against which all who are actuated by the finer feelings of humanity will set themselves.

Setting aside the sales in all cities, and the sales that are made in towns and villages, and taking only the auctions in the city of London, the great emporium of the world for this displeasing trade, a consignment of nearly half a million birds, or parts of birds, was recently sold, the details of which are as follows: Osprey plumes, 11,352 ounces; vulture plumes, 186 pounds; peacock feathers, 215,051 bundles; birds of paradise, 2,362 bundles; Indian parrots, 228,289 bundles; bronze pigeons, including the gourd, 1,677 bundles; tanagers and sundry birds, 38,198 bundles; humming birds, 116,490 bundles; jays and kingfishers, 48,759 bundles; impeyan and other jungle fowl, 4,952 bundles; owls and hawks, 7,163 bundles. Similar sales frequently take place.

How many millions of birds are annually sacrificed on the altar of fashion will never be known; but this we do know, that whole species of the most beautiful denizens of field and forest, woodland and shore, have been almost or quite exterminated. And all for the gratification of a mere fad.

In one of the most widely circulated papers the fashionable news from Paris begins: "Birds are worn more than ever, and blouses made entirely of feathers are coming into fashion." "Rare tropical feathers," ordered by specialists from abroad, are specified as the ones most likely to be in demand. "Whole blouses" quotha? After all these years of protest, and all the efforts of the humanitarian, acting individually and in association, we have the doleful satisfaction of knowing that what has been done has been of little avail in saving the lives of our winged friends. Evidence of the fact comes to hand from many lands. It is to be seen in all large cities and towns, in the streets and shops of London, Paris and New York, and, what is worse, our May Meetings this year were crowded with women wearing the osprey plume and

other tokens of "savage beauty." At one important ladies' missionary meeting both the lady who presided and a missionary who described the cruelties of Indian life wore ospreys. Wings no longer suffice; the whole carcass of the bird is now largely worn, and in some cases perfect charnel-houses of beaks and claws, and bones and feathers, and glass eyes, are stuck upon the fatuous female head. Foreign birds are no doubt mainly used, but all the small British species, from the homely corn-bunting and the brilliant kingfisher, the emerald of British bird life, and others of a larger size—turtle-doves, jays, owls, woodcocks, sandpipers, gulls and terns. When will women be shamed out of this unutterably cruel, heartless vanity?

But, it is said, these women are plainly not in the front rank. Well, all I can say is that it is impossible to walk the length of a fashionable resort like Bond Street without seeing the unmistakable stuffed bird sported in the usual way, and painfully common; and the same remark may very well apply to the fashionable afternoon concerts—so much so, in fact, that I am driven to the conclusion that woman is bent on advertising to the world that she is either brainless or heartless, or both. It is not charitable to believe that woman is merely thoughtlessly cruel.

A poet tells us that beauty is, "when unadorned, adorned the most;" and we need not trouble to emphasize the point that women have only a flickering faith in their personal charms. Occasionally, but too rarely, one meets a fine spirit. And how refreshing is the sight of a person who has the courage to discountenance the cruel practice of bird decoration! Such an one recognizes the importance of her own responsibility. There is but one such woman in a hundred, and it is useless to argue with the remaining ninety-nine for general principles. I would as soon think of arguing with the dram-drinking Spaniard against the bull-fight. If fashion decrees this or that, everything else that truly and vitally concerns its

devotee is laughed at and pooh-poohed. One woman will mockingly say, "Why don't you try to save the little fishes in the sea?" and continue to perambulate the town with dozens of warblers' wings making her headgear hideous. Thousands would look upon the little bleeding bodies with calm indifference! It is a pleasant sympathy to those who feel it, that of the love of birds. Woman feels not that. She is unconscious that birds play an important part in the economy of Nature, and that if all the birds should die not a human being could live on the earth. If she knows, she cares not. Michelet's dream was a vain one—for him. "Tender alliance of souls!" he cries; "why does it not everywhere exist, between us and our winged brothers, between man and the universal living nature?" The time is not yet. The principle that good John Woolman asserted was placed in every mind which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature has been unrecognized or neglected, and the consequence is a degraded and dehumanized humanity. The mind has become shut up in a contrary disposition. This is the answer to Michelet.

A woman in Paris or London may discover that the tail of a bird "sets her off." She walks forth, and lo! tails are the rage, and millions of birds have been slaughtered for the mere gratification of tender-hearted woman. It is not an exaggeration to say that in whatever part of the world beautiful birds are found there will be found also the agents of the draper and the milliner. The part they play is that of supplying the demand. Woman wants. The striking expression, "murderous millinery," is current in speeches and writings on the subject. "Feather-headed women," as indeed they are in more ways than one, is a term which might be used more frequently than it is with much advantage. Surely they invite some such public stigma by exhibiting themselves as they do in the relics of murdered innocence.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

From Household Words.

DR. FELL.

Everyone knows the old epigram on Dr. Fell:—

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

Dr. Fell is a quite imaginary hero. The quatrain is a paraphrase by Tom Brown, who flourished in the time of Queen Anne, of an epigram by Martial, the late Latin epigrammatist. There is a French version by Clément Marot, in which the individual disliked is unnamed, and another, of later date, which begins, "*Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas*," but Hylas was probably as imaginary a personage as our Dr. Fell. In an English version, earlier than that by Tom Brown, made about 1660 by one Thomas Ford, Dr. Fell has no place. It ran thus:—

I love thee not, Nell;
But why, I can't tell;
But this I can tell,
I love thee not, Nell.

But Nell was long ago ousted by Dr. Fell, and the familiar lines remain the typical embodiment of that feeling of personal antipathy which may often be unreasoning, or for which, at all events, no reason can be given, but which is, all the same, very real. Proverbial wisdom assures us that "Second thoughts are best;" but in these personal matters, experience assures most of us that the first emotion may as a rule be trusted. For the great majority of the people whom one meets casually, one has neither liking nor repugnance. Indifference, of varying degrees, is the normal condition. But everyone knows that there are frequent exceptions to this rule. There are people whom one likes, or "takes to," as the colloquial phrase has it, at the first meeting, and others whom just as certainly one instinctively dislikes from the moment of contact. The latter are the Dr. Fells of society. At least, they are one's own Dr. Fells; for nothing is more capricious in its action than are these intuitive perceptions. The man or

woman whom we find unbearable may be the delight of another. There is often no possibility of explaining or accounting for these instinctive aversions to particular persons, but most of those who have felt them have found by experience that such instincts or intuitions may be trusted, and that in these matters second thoughts only confirm first impressions.

An intuitive liking for one person, and just as fixed and immediate an aversion for another, are among the most marked characteristics of childhood. It would often seem as if the more innocent and guileless the touchstone, the more unerring are its indications. But whether these childish likes and dislikes are to be trusted implicitly or not—and it is obvious that there are other complicating factors to be taken into account in discussing the question—it is, at all events, certain that a man may feel legitimately proud when a little child, on their first meeting, gives him its confidence without hesitation or "*arrière pensée*" of any kind. The child, when it does meet with a Dr. Fell, has at least one advantage over older folk; for it is under no compulsion to hide its feelings. Even if overt evidence of word or deed be wanting, its whole manner testifies, "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell," as plainly as possible. Its elders, when they meet their Dr. Fells, have to hide their feelings of repulsion, unless in exceptional circumstances, behind the mask of good breeding and commonplace civility.

The whole subject of antipathies in general is curious, and, as physicians are well aware, decidedly obscure. Such repugnances are by no means confined to persons. Shylock, in the familiar lines near the opening of the fourth act of the "*Merchant of Venice*," recounts a few of the strange antipathies on which medieval writers were rather fond of dwelling. The "*gaping pig*," which he includes in his list, was a stock example. The adjective, by the way, simply refers to the distention of the jaws of the boar's head by lemon or orange, when prepared for table at Christmas, or at other seasons. The "harmless, neces-

sary cat" has very often been a Dr. Fell to persons who have been quite unable to account for the instinctive aversion they feel to poor puss. Steele, in one of his *Spectator* papers, makes fun of these cat-haters. He says that, in a talk about antipathies, the "eternal cat, which plagues every conversation of this nature, began then to engross the subject." One related how he had sweated at the sight of it, another had smelled it out in a very distant cupboard, a third counted up the number of times it had made him swoon away, while a fourth capped all the other stories by relating how, when passing on one occasion along a street where he had never been before, he felt "a general damp and a faintness" all over him, for which he could not account until, looking up, he found that he was passing under a sign-post on which hung the picture of a cat!

Of this particular aversion several historical instances are on record. Henry the Third of France, it is said, for instance, could never sit in a room with a cat; and Napoleon had a great horror of the same creature. Many other strange antipathies are recorded by old writers. Ambroise Paré, the great French surgeon, whose life has just been published, relates the case of a gentleman who could never see an eel without fainting. Apples, eggs, milk, boiled lobsters, roasted pig, hedgehogs, mice, and various other animals and things, have all served as Dr. Fells to various super-sensitive persons. One very sensible individual is said to have fallen into convulsions at the sight of a carp; while Erasmus, it is said—more general in his aversion—disliked fish to such an extent that the smell of it threw him into a fever. There may be exaggeration in some of the accounts of these strange antipathies, and it is highly probable that some of the supposed sufferers were not free from affectation; but there can be no doubt that many of the records contain a solid substratum of truth. That such aversions have existed, and do exist, cannot be denied; to account for them satisfactorily is impossible.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

JULY 9, 1898.

READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From The Atlantic Monthly. ANGLO-SAXON SYMPATHIES AND INTERESTS.

Every one who knows the educated class in any country will agree that the tone of its feeling toward other countries is more generous, more friendly, more large-minded, than could be gathered either from the action of its government or from the columns of its newspapers. It is therefore an immense gain that Englishmen and Americans are now learning to know one another through direct personal contact, and that the spirit of that cordial welcome which a man from either country finds when he travels in the other is coming to be recognized as the real and genuine spirit which animates both nations; and after a recent visit to Canada, I will venture to say that this is now the prevailing spirit among Canadians also.

This truer insight has enabled us in England to realize the substantial identity of thought and feeling between the two peoples. Let me take as an example the way in which the most terrible event of recent times impressed them both. The massacres of the Eastern Christians which took place in 1895 and 1896 excited little commiseration, little indignation, in Continental Europe. The press in Germany and France and Austria, guided by the wishes or hints or commands of the governments of those states, did its best to conceal the facts from the public. A few noble and earnest men, mostly Roman Catholic priests or Protestant pastors, in France, in Germany and in Switzerland, appealed to their fellow countrymen to move the governments to interfere and to send help to the sufferers. But their voices found only a

faint response. Far otherwise in Britain and in the United States. The governments of both those countries did indeed attempt, or accomplish, much less than was hoped and wished. But the peoples were stirred by a horror and an anger which pervaded every class. Untrammelled by any considerations of political expediency, their hearts spoke out in the cause of justice, humanity and freedom; for they believed that it is justice, humanity and freedom that ought to guide the policy of nations. Here, as in so many other instances, it was shown how unlike their neighbors in Continental Europe, and how like their kinsfolk in America, the British are. It is in this community of ideas and feelings, this similarity of instinctive judgments, that the unity of the peoples best appears. The sense of identity has deeper and better foundations than the pride of Anglo-Saxon ancestry and the spirit of defiance to other races.

The circumstances of the friction occasioned by the Venezuela boundary question, toward the end of 1895, illustrate the way in which the sentiment of friendliness had ripened in Britain. The President's message and the action of Congress were received in this country with amazement. Few persons had the least idea that any serious disagreement between the two governments would or could arise over a matter which had attracted no attention here. With the shock of surprise there was a shock of grief that Congress should apparently treat lightly a contingency so lamentable as a collision between the two nations. But there was no outbreak of hostile feeling toward the United States. The general feeling was that there must be

a great misconception somewhere, and that, so far as national honor permitted, every step ought to be taken to remove the misconception, and set matters right between nations made to be friends. Very shortly afterward, there occurred, on the part of a great Continental state, what our people deemed a provocation. It was resented with a promptitude and a warmth in excess of its real importance, but which showed how different was the sentiment which the words of a Continental power, theretofore friendly, excited from that which prevailed where our own kinsfolk were concerned. And (unless my recollection is at fault) the possibility of some joint action of European powers directed against Britain immediately caused a revulsion of opinion in the United States in favor of Britain, like that which softens a man's heart toward a relative with whom he has had a coolness, so soon as he finds that the relative is threatened from some other quarter.

The alliances of nations are usually based upon interest alone, and last no longer than the cause which has produced them. A coincidence, or at least an absence of any conflict, of interest is the almost indispensable condition of cordial relations. But when other ties than those of common material benefit exist, their existence may give to those relations a greatly increased strength and permanence; just as, if one may compare great things with small, a partnership in business succeeds better and lasts longer when its members have a personal regard for and a personal trust in one another. Now the United States and Britain have nowhere in the world any conflicting interests. They have in some directions identical interests, as for instance in the maintenance of open markets for their goods. They are in some respects complementary to each other; for while the United States is the great food-raising and cotton-growing country of the world, Britain is the great

consumer of sea-borne food and of raw cotton; and as the one is rapidly becoming the chief among the producers of the world both in the agricultural and in the mineral department, so the other is by her mercantile marine the chief distributor. Each has the strongest interest in the welfare of the other; and we have repeatedly seen how powerfully the commercial prosperity or depression of the one tells on the trade of the other. Thus there exists, as regards political interest, a basis for the establishment of the most close and cordial relations between the two countries—a basis independent of the chances and changes of the moment, because it is due to permanent conditions. But above and beyond this coincidence of interests there is the community of blood, the similarity of institutions, and that capacity for understanding and appreciating one another which is given by a common tongue and by habits of thought and feeling essentially the same. Nature and history have made each profoundly concerned in the well-being of the other. No true American could see without the deepest grief the humiliation and suffering of the ancestral home of his race. No true Englishman but would mourn any grave disaster that could befall the people which it is one of the chief glories of England to have reared and planted. Seventeen years ago, in addressing an American audience, I ventured to express the belief that if ever England was hard pressed by a combination of hostile European powers, America would not stand by idle and unconcerned, and the reception given to those words confirmed my belief. The sympathy of race does not often affect the relations of states, but when it does it is a force of tremendous potency; for it affects not so much governments as the people themselves, who, both in America and in England, are the ultimate depositaries of power, the ultimate controllers of policy.

From "The Essential Unity of Britain and America." By James Bryce.

From Harper's Magazine.
ADDITIONS TO THE VOCABULARY.

There would be both interest and instruction in a list of the many words securely intrenched in our own vocabulary to-day which were bitterly assaulted on their first appearance. Swift praises himself for his vallant effort against certain of these intruders: "I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of 'mob' and 'banter,' but have been plainly borne down by numbers and betrayed by those who promised to assist me." Puttenham (or whoever it was that wrote the anonymous "Arte of English Poesie," published in 1589) admitted the need of certain words to which the purists might justly object, and then adds that "many other like words, borrowed out of the Latin and French, were not so well to be allowed by us," citing them among those of which he disapproved—"audacious," "egregious" and "compatible." In the "Poetaster," acted in 1601, Ben Jonson satirized Marston's verbal innovations, and among the words he reviled are "clumsy," "inflate," "spurious," "conscious," "strenuous," "defunct," "retrograde" and "reciprocal."

Puttenham wrote at the end of the sixteenth century, Jonson at the beginning of the seventeenth, Swift at the beginning of the eighteenth; and at the beginning of the nineteenth we find Lady Holland declaring "influential" to be a detestable word, and asserting that she had tried in vain to get Sheridan to forego it.

At the end of the nineteenth century the battle is still raging over "stand-point," for example, and over "reliable," and over "lengthy," and over a score of others, all of which bid fair to establish themselves ultimately, because they supply a demand more or less insistent. The fate is more doubtful of "photo" for "photograph," and of "phone" for "telephone;" they both strike us now as vulgarisms, just as the abbreviation of "mobile vulgus" to "mob" struck Swift as vulgar; and it may be that in time they will live down this stigma of illegitimacy, just as

"mob" has survived it. "Raccoon" and "opossum" are also yielding the ground before "coon" and "possum." Then there is the misbegotten verb "to enthuse"—the most hideous of vocables in my sight—what is to be its fate? Although I have detected it in the careful columns of the *Nation*, it has not as yet been adopted by any acknowledged master of English; none the less, I fear me greatly, it has all the vitality of other ill weeds.

Dryden declared that he traded "both with the living and the dead for the enrichment of our native language;" but he denied that he Latinized too much; and the most of the gallicisms he attempted have not won acceptance. Lowell thought that Dryden did not add a single word to the language, unless "he first used 'magnetism' in its present sense of moral attraction." Dr. Holmes also discovered that it is not enough to make a new word when it is needed and to fashion it fitly: its fortune still depends on public caprice or popular instinct. "I've sometimes made new words," he told a friend; "I made 'chrysochacy,' thinking it would take its place, but it didn't; 'plutocracy,' meaning the same thing, was adopted instead." But "anæsthesia" was a word of Dr. Holmes's making which has won its way not only in English, but in most of the other modern languages. It may be doubted whether a like fortune will follow another word quoted in one of his letters, "apropos-ity," a bilingual hybrid not without analogues in our language.

It is with surprise that in Stevenson's very Scotch romance, "David Balfour," we happen upon another malformation, "come-at-able," hitherto supposed to be Yankee in its origin and in its aroma. Elsewhere in the same story we read "you 'claim' to be innocent," a form which the cockney critics are wont to call American. Stevenson in this novel uses both the modern "jeopardize" and the ancient "enjeopardy." Just why to "jeopardize" should have driven to "jeopard" out of use it is not easy to declare, nor why "leniency" is supplanting "lenity." As "drunk" seems to

suggest total intoxication, it is possible to discover the cause of the increasing tendency to say "I have 'drank.'" No defence is easy of "in our 'midst'" for "in the midst of us," and yet it will prevail inevitably, for it is a convenient short-cut. Dr. Holmes confessed to Richard Grant White that he had used it once, and that Edward Everett (who had also once fallen from grace) made him see the error of his ways. It is to be found twice in Stevenson's "Amateur Emigrant," and again in the "Res Judicate" of Mr. Augustine Birrell, a brisk essayist, although not an impeccable stylist.

It is nothing against a noun that it is new. To call it a neologism is but begging the question. Of necessity, every word was new once. It was "struck in the die of human experience," to come back to Dr. Holmes's figure; and it is at its best before it is "worn smooth by innumerable contacts." Lowell thought it was a chief element of Shakespeare's greatness that "he found words ready to his use, original and untarnished—types of thought whose sharp edges were unworn by repeated impressions." He "found a language already established, but not yet fetlocked by dictionary and grammar mongers." For the same reason Mérimée delighted in Russian, because it was "young, the pedants not having had time to spoil it; it is admirably fit for poetry."

From "New Words and Old." By Brander Matthews.

From Scribner's Magazine.
A NOVEL SPECTACLE.

There was an unusual opportunity in the spring to see the American people make up its mind, and, incidentally, to form an opinion as to what sort of a conglomeration the American people is and what sort of a mind it has. It is a composite mind, of course, subject to so many conflicting influences, so many impulses, incentives, emotions, prejudices, convictions; so many restraints

of thrift, reason and conscience, that it seems wonderful that it can really arrive at a state of certainty worthy to be called a conclusion. Yet it was demonstrated three months ago that that was possible. The American people, after years of rather listless consideration of the affairs of Cuba, and after months of agitation and uncertainty, finally made up its mind that something must be done about Cuba, and that without further delay. When the decision finally came, it came quickly. It followed Senator Proctor's report of the condition of affairs in Cuba, and especially of the condition of the reconcentrados. That report still seems to have been the determining statement of facts that settled the question. It was everywhere accepted as the record of the observations of a just man who had seen with unbiassed eyes what he described and whose testimony could be trusted. The conclusion made necessary by that report was that the state of affairs the existence of which it recorded was too bad to continue. That accepted, the next question was what action was essential to stop it for all time. Would autonomy do it? Would any Spanish concession short of the abandonment of Cuba accomplish it? Consciously or unconsciously, the American mind grappled hard with that question. There was a profound aversion to war in the breasts of millions of persons, and an eagerness to be convinced that half measures would do. But that conviction would not come. The only conviction that would come was that Spain's authority in Cuba must end. Yellow journals greeted it with exultant yells; the young and fervent welcomed it with enthusiasm; older men and conservative newspapers tried long and faithfully to avoid it; men of business and men whose intellects had been trained to see what they wished to see rather than what was in sight tried strenuously to discredit and ignore it. That was as vain as arguing back the sea. The mind of the people had reached a conclusion. It showed conspicuously in Congress, but it also

showed all the way from Maine to San Francisco. It was by no means a universal conclusion, but it was so nearly universal that the President knew just what his backing was and where the country stood. It was a conclusion shared by the unlettered, the irresponsible, the light-headed, by grave men who hated war, and realized the costs and horrors of it, and by a host of sober, God-fearing people whose thoughts ran ceaselessly and sadly, and who, unstirred by ambitions or impatience, or any lust for vengeance, sought to know only one thing: what was this country's duty in the sight of God. "For humanity's sake!" That was the effectual cry and the controlling sentiment.

They were stirring days, those days of March and April, and even the swift course of events that followed, the mustering of troops and sea-fights of tremendous moment, have not dulled our memory of them. We are used to political campaigns to decide who shall govern and which of two policies shall prevail; we are used to seeing one side win at the polls, and the other submit and go quietly about its business. But to the present generation of Americans the spectacle of the nation making up its mind about a question of foreign policy was a new thing.

From "The Point of View."

From Lippincott's Magazine.

TRAMPS AND PUBLICANS IN SWITZERLAND.

Capital as the *pension* is for those whose temperaments permit them to guarantee their impulses and mortgage their movements for seven long days in advance, and for those who have a weakness for cut-and-dried formulæ and the leaning toward tranquil respectability that is its usual yoke-fellow, it will not do for all. The very security that is its chief merit is its worst defect in the eyes of those to whom the excitement attendant upon uncertainty is precious. To the Bo-

hemian especially, its factitious atmosphere and bourgeois restraints are intolerable, since it is of the very essence of Bohemianism to keep itself uninvaded by considerations of dress and the supper-hour, undisgusted by intercourse with uncongenial souls, to go on, on, on, always on, so long as there are unscaled peaks before and unexplored valleys beyond.

For such uneasy spirits as cannot browse content in the thickest clover at the end of a rope attached to a stake, though the rope be fairly long and the position of the stake occasionally shifted, and who yet cannot pay more than the *pension* prices, the Alpine tramping problem must be confessed a difficult one; not so difficult, however, that it may not be resolved by the exercise of a moderate amount of industry and ingenuity.

Happily, lodgings are cheap. A very little searching and bargaining in almost any locality will secure a good room for one franc fifty centimes a night, lights and attendance included.

It is the nourishment that costs. There is that stomach again—always that unreasonable, importunate stomach to complicate living! A franc fifty for the most meagre breakfast, and at least three francs for each of the other meals (without wine)—this is the pitiless minimum enforced on transients with the full rigor of a trade-union's minimum wage, in four- to five-franc-a-day *pensions* as in hotels, in the isolated road-houses as in the city hostelries. Think not by getting out of the beaten track to discover a different altitude. All tracks are more or less beaten in diminutive Switzerland, and all landlords—all, I repeat—are sophisticated. The rock-fortress of Gibraltar will sooner be toppled over by direct assault than will their schedules. The Swiss landlord—is it superior subtlety or the lack of it?—knows just two kinds of people in this big, round world, natives and rich tourists, the latter created expressly for the benefit of the former. That there may be tourists who are not rich is a hypothesis he will not, perhaps

because he cannot, comprehend, the rich tourist being for him as convenient and definite an abstraction as was the "economic man" for the old economists.

Under these circumstances the only hope of cheap comfort lies in being classed as a native, and to that end the campaign must be directed. The fortress that will not succumb to direct assault must be reduced by strategy—if so simple and transparent a device deserves so pretentious a name.

In all villages of any size there are one or more public resorts, social centres for the burghers, and feeding-places for the neighboring peasantry, called *café-restaurants*; institutions strictly local and aboriginal, quite or almost tourist-inviolable. Their meals cost less than half the hotel price, and, if somewhat less elaborate, are equally abundant and toothsome, and rather better adapted to the vigorous exertions of mountain pedestrianism. Whether a bargain is made or not, a lunch will ordinarily be supplied for a franc, and a dinner for one franc fifty—wine included in both cases and no gratuities expected. Still, it is safer to agree upon the price and elements of the meal with the proprietor beforehand.

Outside the villages, where no *café-restaurants* exist, the hotels or *pensions* provide for the social needs of the surrounding districts and the physical needs of compatriot wayfarers in a place apart, a sort of tap-room, where such superfluities as napkins and table-covers are dispensed with, but where hearty sociability and good cheer do, for that very cause, the more abound. Enter this tap-room boldly, tell the proprietor frankly what you are able to pay for a meal, and ask him what he will give. Far from being offended, the chances are ten to one that he will meet you more than half-way, for he is a very human sort of fellow at bottom, and is mightily pleased to find another human and approachable sort of fellow among the tourists he has come to regard as curious natural

history specimens, and whom he dislikes, not without some reason, to touch with a ten-foot pole. "Oh, but you do me good," said an astounded publican to me on such an occasion. (It is for the sake of the illustration, not for the savor of praise, that I quote.) "I'd like to have a houseful of reasonable people like you, eating and sleeping Christian fashion, instead of the precious pack of fools I've got; and at half the price I'd make twice the money, to say nothing of the sociability of the thing."

That the landlord thus approached goes with you so far as to believe you are not rich is highly improbable. Your statement to that effect he accepts as a good joke, with an incredulous smile and a knowing wink. Never mind. He looks on you either as a thoroughly good fellow who has sense enough to prefer solid viands to dainties, and the society of other good fellows like himself to that of the ladies of the dining-room and their attendant "muffs," or as a citizen of the world, a man who knows a thing or two and who objects on principle to being made game of, no matter how much money he may have in his pocket. In either case he treats you well; and, though you may not succeed in getting the exact native diet at the exact native price, you will come near enough to it for all practical purposes—near enough, that is, to lessen materially your expenses. Even in the matter of lodging, your entry into a house by the tap-room door will sometimes stand you in good stead. So that you do not object—and why should you object?—to sleeping in the same room with one or more of the aborigines, the cost of your bed will be barely nominal.

If you do not get on in this way for, at most, five francs a day, all told, it will be because you are sadly deficient in tact, resolution or good humor. This method has more in its favor than the mere cheapness and the relative freedom of movement sought—namely, the opportunity of listening to local jokes, tales and controversies, of

observing popular amusements, of chatting with town functionaries, village patriarchs and rural philosophers, and so of getting at the real, underlying national life, a privilege from which the spendthrift hotel guest and the reputable *pensionnaire* are alike excluded—glorious recompense for the irksomeness of the bargaining for bed and board.

From "Cheap Tramping in Switzerland." By Alvan F. Sanborn.

From the Review of Reviews.

WHO WILL PAY FOR THE WAR?

An interesting question in connection with this law is how far the new taxes will be really borne by those who pay them in the first instance, and to what extent they will be shifted to the great body of consumers. The act facilitates the shifting of the tobacco tax by providing for packages containing one-sixth less than those formerly used, and doubtless the customary size of a glass of beer will also be reduced in many cases. On the other hand, the tax on patent medicines and other proprietary articles is almost too small to increase retail prices, except by checking in some degree the tendency to sell these goods at cut rates. The act specifically provides that the tax on sleeping-car and parlor-car tickets is to be paid by the companies issuing them, and there seems to be little chance that either this or the tax on bills of lading will be shifted; but the tax on passage tickets to foreign ports will doubtless be found to increase the expense of trips to Europe this summer. Of more importance is the effect on prices of sugar and oil, of the tax on gross receipts of refineries. Professor Seligman, in his work on "The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation," says, "It is plain that a tax on monopoly gross receipts can never be shifted," because prices of monopoly articles are already such as to produce the maximum profits. From this reasoning it follows that so far as the Sugar Trust and the Stand-

ard Oil Company are monopolists and not subject to the laws of competitive trade they will have to bear the burden of the taxes levied upon them. But it is never safe to predict the precise result of a tax or of any other one of the many elements which determine prices. It is possible, for example, that the prices of sugar and oil might be increased temporarily in the present emergency for the purpose of discouraging a resort to the gross receipts tax as a permanent source of revenue.

The taxes imposed by the act will not be burdensome. In so far as they are taxes on consumption, they are levied mainly on articles of voluntary use rather than on the necessities of life, and to some extent upon articles which are more or less injurious to health. It would be strange if a measure prepared so hastily and amended so extensively in such a short space of time were wholly consistent in all its parts or otherwise above criticism. It has been pointed out that the tax of twelve cents a pound on tobacco amounts to about twenty-five per cent. of the price of the article, while that on cigars is less than eight per cent.; but this inequality is due partly to the rates previously in use, which the new law merely aggravates somewhat instead of reforming. Much satisfaction has been expressed with the dropping of the tonnage-tax provision, although it was explained that the rates proposed were only slightly larger than in Great Britain and precisely the same as in France. The only serious objection made to the legacy tax was that several of the States now impose inheritance taxes, and it was suggested that the national government ought to leave that source of revenue exclusively to the States. The progressive feature did not excite the opposition that might have been expected, especially considering the severity of the schedule. The maximum rate of fifteen per cent. is the same as that of the New York bill of last year which failed to receive the governor's signature, and is much higher than any similar tax which has been levied heretofore in

this country. But for direct heirs the rates are very moderate, the highest being two and one-quarter per cent. Whether this tax will check the tendency to impose State inheritance taxes or lead to the repeal of any already in force remains to be seen.

The tax on mixed flour is for regulation much more than for revenue, being in this respect analogous to the tax on oleomargarine. Evidence was presented that flour was adulterated by the use of such articles as "mineraline," or ground clay, and barytes flour, or ground rock, as well as by mixing with corn flour bleached with sulphuric acid. Senator Mason stated that as much as seventy-five or eighty per cent. of all the flour in the market was adulterated in one way or another by the addition of articles either positively injurious to health or at least much less nutritious than wheat flour. The only way in which the national government could regulate the manufacture of the mixed product and require it to be properly labeled, unless the regulation were to be confined to flour shipped from one State to another, was by the exercise of the taxing power.

The main features of this law will naturally be compared with the successive revenue laws of the civil-war period, and nothing will be more noticeable in such an examination than the large number of possible sources of revenue which have been passed over on the present occasion. The greatest similarity between the revenue systems of that war and of this is in the stamp taxes. Nearly all the business documents formerly subject to duty have been included in the present act, though in many cases at lower rates than before, and a few additions have been made. But instead of the few articles now taxed under Schedule B, the excise formerly applied to a long list of manufactures and other products, including such articles of common use as coal and oil, gas, candles, ground coffee and spices, cotton, sugar and confectionary, chocolate and cocon, salt, slaughtered animals, furniture, umbrellas and photographs; and the rates

were high enough to make a decided difference in retail prices. Over against the business taxes now imposed upon a few occupations must be set a long list of corporations which were formerly taxed from one to five per cent. on their gross receipts, and a still longer list of occupations reached by means of license taxes.

From "Our New War Taxes." By Max West.

From the Bookman.

MR. BARRIE AND "THE GRANDISSIMES."

To sit in a laundry and read "The Grandissimes"—that is the quickest way of reaching the strange city of New Orleans. Once upon a time, however, I took the other route, drawn to the adventure by love of Mr. Cable's stories, and before I knew my way about the St. Charles Hotel (not, as Mr. Cable would explain, the St. Charles of "Doctor Sevier," but its successor), while the mosquitoes and I were still looking at each other, before beginning, several delightful Creole ladies had called to warn me. Against what? Against believing Mr. Cable. They came singly, none knew of the visits of the others, but they had heard what brought me there; like ghosts they stole in and told their tale, and then like ghosts they stole away. The tale was that Mr. Cable misrepresented them; Creoles are not and never were "like that," especially the ladies. I sighed, or would have sighed had I not been so pleased. I said I supposed it must be so; no ladies in the flesh could be quite so delicious as the Creole ladies of Mr. Cable's imagination, which seemed to perplex them. They seemed to be easily perplexed, and one, I half think, wanted to be a man for an hour or two just to see how those ladies would impress her then. But by the time she regained the French quarter she was probably sure that she had convinced me. And she had—they all did, one after the other—that the sweet Creoles who haunt these beautiful pages were not

always ghosts, but always ghost-like. They come into the book like timid children fascinated by the hand held out to them, yet ever ready to fly, and even when they seem most real, they are still out of touch; you feel that if you were to go one step nearer they would vanish away. Such is the impression they leave in all Mr. Cable's books, and his painting of them would be as faulty as the masterpiece exhibited by Honoré Grandissime's cousin in Mr. Frowenfeld's window if their descendants were not a little scared by it—they who had for so long peeped from behind veils and over balconies to be at last introduced to that very mixed society, the reading public. What would Aurora of this book have said to it? She is the glory of the book; no one, not even Mr. Cable (who rather disgracefully shirks the question) can tell why Joseph Frowenfeld "went over" from her to Clotilde (I am sure Joseph did not know) after feeling that to be with her was like "walking across the vault of heaven with the evening star on his arm" (which is exactly what talking to a Creole lady in the St. Charles Hotel is like); yet had Aurora been of a later age and heard what Mr. Cable was about she would certainly, without consulting that droll little saint Clotilde, have slipped out of bed some night to invoke the naughty spirits, and when the novelist awoke he would have been horrified to find in one corner of his pillow an acorn, in another a joint of cornstalk, in a third a bunch of feathers. And though he had gone mad with terror, she would have held that it served him right. And she would have had more acorns and feathers for the pillows of suspicious visitors to the St. Charles Hotel.

You may still see what was the home of Aurora after she came into her fortune, the house where the little comedy was played (in the last chapter of this book) which I venture to call one of the prettiest love scenes in any language. Of course it is in the French (or Creole) quarter, for though many of the Americans of New Or-

leans doubtless go to Paris even before they die, the city has still its bit of France, far more truly French than the Paris boulevards of to-day. New Orleans was twice in French hands and once in Spanish before it became part of the United States, and the Creoles are the descendants of the French and Spaniards left behind. Canal Street, which may be said to cut the city in two, is their English Channel; on the one side the English tongue and ways of living, though a fourth of the inhabitants are "colored" (but not all colored black); on the other lies France (and a little of Spain), the France of a time when railways were not; the names of the streets, the names over the shops, the life, the language, these are nearly all French, often somewhat decayed and as often intermarried perplexingly with interlopers, as the Creoles themselves are said never to intermarry. Those of the French side seem to be reluctant to cross Canal Street even on business, and they go still less frequently for pleasure; it is only when they die that all the people of New Orleans meet (except those who must be content with what is grimly called a "water funeral"), in the strange cemeteries which the swampy soil compels them to build above ground. Each family has its mausoleum of marble or granite, many of them palatial, so that the cities of the dead at New Orleans are infinitely more handsome than the city of the living, and as you walk under the magnolia trees along streets of tombs that look like beautiful dwelling-houses, you may see by the door of one of these houses a woman sitting on a chair knitting, and it is almost as if she had stepped out to enjoy the sun again. Or is it Aurora slipping away for an hour from Clotilde, whom she loved, but sometimes found in the way?

There are a quarter of a million people in New Orleans now; there were ten thousand in the days when Joseph Frowenfeld mistook a lady and her daughter for sisters, and walked the

vault of heaven with his future mother-in-law on his arm. Even now it is perhaps the most picturesque city in America, but it was still more brightly colored then, every nationality represented in its arcades and at its lattices and dormer windows, its government just passing into the hands of the English, and every family "a hive of patriots who did not know where to swarm." Every family of white people, that is to say, for the blacks are supposed to be out of it all; whatever happens in Louisiana, their condition must remain the same. Gradually we realize that the rivalry between French and English is a trumpery matter in New Orleans compared to the question of blacks and whites, and even the blacks can well afford to wait when their case is put beside that of those who are neither black nor white. Mr. Cable is the impassioned advocate of the rights of the black man, who has surely never had such an artist for champion as here, in the story of *Bras-Coupé*, yet I like him best when his one arm protects some poor wounded quadroon, and he is fighting for her with the other. The *Honoré Grandissime*, who is, I suppose, the hero of the book, is a Creole of whom his race have some right to be proud, but the other *Honoré* is the most memorable figure; he, a white man to all appearance, who told the whole tragedy of his life in the simple words, "I am not white, monsieur."

From Mr. J. M. Barrie's Preface to "*The Grandissimes*." Hodder and Stoughton, London.

From *The New England Magazine*.
HULL HOUSE AND CHICAGO POLITICS.

The dominant man in the city government of Chicago is Alderman Powers of the nineteenth ward, chairman of the Finance Committee of the City Council, and of the Cook County Democracy, and boss of the caucus which distributes chairmanships of committees of the council among his

friends in the "gang." Alderman Powers is also the owner of two saloons and a gambling-house, and is now under indictment for gambling. For six years the residents of Hull House were passive though interested observers of this their representative, declining his offers of help and co-operation, refusing politely to distribute his Christmas turkeys, but feeling too keenly the smallness of their numbers and the hopelessness of the situation to make war against him. In 1896 and in 1898, however, when there was a strong movement throughout the city against the gang, Hull House backed a rival candidate. In the nineteenth ward there are about fifty thousand people, of whom eight to nine thousand are registered voters; they are of eighteen nationalities and of all possible religious beliefs. At Hull House there are five and twenty real-estate, those of longest standing being all women, a serious disqualification for campaign work in a ward of foreign voters. To counterbalance this disparity, the appeal was made in 1896 both to the reform elements throughout the city to help with money and speakers, and to the workmen in the ward to support the candidacy of a workman. From both sides the response was of the intangible sort, confined chiefly to expressions of sympathy and approval. In 1896 Alderman Powers regarded this opposition as a joke, and his majority was accordingly cut from twenty-seven hundred to eleven hundred; but in 1898 he made unparalleled exertions, using not only money, but all the gifts of political positions and of other opportunities of work which he commands in rich abundance, and his majority regained its old proportions.

The reasons for the failure of Hull House in these first efforts in politics are not far to seek. The lads now grown to be voters, trained in eight years in the clubs and classes and lecture courses to ideas of honest municipal administration, form but a corporal's guard in the army of nine thousand voters; and even this small body

of more enlightened youths is subjected to wholesale temptation in the way of better employment or political advancement. Moreover, the most promising young men are continually moving away to more attractive parts of the city, and are thus lost to our ward politics. While the older men are willing enough to accept social and educational leadership offered by women, they resent what they regard as attempts at political leadership; and it is when Hull House interferes with the "main chance" by the path of politics that it finds its limitations painfully defined.

Will Hull House accept defeat and withdraw from politics? That would be to accept the conventional ethics of too many existing powerful institutions, teaching formulæ of morality, but maintaining profitable truce with things as they are; growing, perhaps, and waxing fat while uttering sterile precepts not meant for application at election time. Rather than thus confuse the civic sense of the young seekers after righteousness, it would be better to leave the field to the frank cynicism of the corporations who buy the council and the voters, but at least do not pretend to inculcate ideals while they do it. True to its avowed object, "to provide a centre for a higher civic and social life," Hull House entered the campaign in 1896 and 1898 to make its protest on behalf of municipal honesty; and from that task it cannot turn back.

From "Hull House," by Florence Kelley.

From *The Cosmopolitan*.
CLOTHING AND FEEDING THE ARMY.

The various bureaus of the war department are hard at work. The bureau of the quartermaster general has everything to attend to that relates to the clothing of the troops. It makes contracts for uniforms by tens of thousands, for shoes by the hundred thousand pairs, for campaign hats and forage caps, and even for underclothes. All of this is being done so expedi-

tiously that one hundred thousand men will be completely equipped within six weeks after the declaration of war. Tents, too, have to be purchased—as many of them as possible being manufactured in Philadelphia, while others are ordered or bought ready-made in other cities. The uniforms, all of which are made in Philadelphia also, are cut out in quantities by machine and stitched together by sewing-women. They are of grey canvas-like stuff, adapted by their lightness to the climate of Cuba. The caps are of canvas, the hats slouches of felt turned up at one side and fastened with a rosette and a pompon like a shaving-brush. The shoes are tan, and the whole costume is very handsome and picturesque.

It is the business of this bureau to furnish cooking outfits for the troops in the field. These outfits are put up in such compact form that the complete culinary equipment for a company can be carried by two men or on the back of a mule, including ovens, boilers and all necessary utensils. It has not been decided yet whether canvas hammocks are to be supplied for the soldiers. One reason for recommending them is that they are used by the insurgent Cubans, whose sanitary condition is excellent. It is a matter of the utmost importance that our soldiers in Cuba shall not get wet, and hence the rubber blankets, which have holes through the middle of them, being made poncho-fashion. Through this hole the man puts his head, the blanket serving as a rain-proof cloak. Filters and mosquito nets are among the articles provided by the quartermaster's department; the soldiers will be ordered to drink no water that has not been filtered and boiled to get rid of the pestilent germs, while protection from the mosquitoes is of great importance, partly because they are suspected of conveying yellow fever. Of course, this bureau takes entire charge of the transportation of the troops, not only in this country, but across the water to Cuba, and after they have landed on the island. It is easy to imagine what a vast number of details must be covered.

The bureau of subsistence in the war department, on the other hand, has charge of everything that has to do with the feeding of the troops. It does not furnish forage for the horses and mules, that part of the business being attended to by the quartermaster's department. The allowance for each horse, by the way, is twelve pounds of grain and fourteen pounds of hay per diem, while for a mule it is nine pounds of grain and fourteen pounds of hay. The quantity of food required for supplying such an army as will soon be placed in the field is enormous. The total weight of the rations for fifty thousand men for one day is one hundred and sixty-five thousand three hundred and fifty pounds. As far as practicable, the troops of the invading army in Cuba are to be furnished with fresh vegetables and fresh meat, communication by transports being constantly kept up between Key West and the island. It is believed that this will tend to keep the men healthy. They will have plenty of vinegar, pickles, and especially onions, for anti-scorbutics. Doubtless, however, they will sometimes be obliged to come down to bacon and hard-tack. The subsistence bureau buys its food supplies at various times, whenever it can get them most conveniently and cheaply. It is establishing immense stores of flour, preserved meats, bacon, pea-meal, coffee, hard-bread, etc., at Tampa and other points. For sale to the officers and soldiers it will offer various luxuries and small necessities, such as canned foods, pipes and tobacco, needles and thread, pens, paper and ink, soap, towels and handkerchiefs. The food of a soldier for one day costs eighteen cents, and on that basis a reckoning can be made for an army of fifty thousand or five hundred thousand.

From "The Government in War Time," by René Bache.

From St. Nicholas.
SALUTES ON A WAR-SHIP.

No salute exceeds twenty-one guns, and no salute is ever fired except be-

tween sunrise and sunset, when the national colors must be displayed; but it is also usual not to fire salutes before 8 A. M. Whenever the President is embarked in a ship-of-war flying his flag, all other United States ships-of-war, and naval stations near which he passes, will fire the national salute.

Side-boys are detailed usually from the apprentice boys. They stand each side of the gangway, in line, and salute by touching their caps as visiting officials come on board or leave. Commissioned officers board and leave a ship by the starboard gangway. Warrant officers, naval cadets and enlisted men use the port gangway.

After nightfall, all boats coming close to the ship are hailed by the marine sentry or by the quartermaster with the words, "Boat ahoy!" A flag-officer answers, "Flag;" a commanding officer answers the name of his ship; other commissioned officers answer, "Aye, aye;" warrant officers and naval cadets answer, "No, no;" while enlisted men answer, "Hello!"

Every officer and man, on reaching the upper deck, salutes the national flag, and this salute is returned by the officer of the watch at hand.

Flag-officers are addressed by their titles of admiral or commodore; captains and commanding officers are called "Captain;" all other officers are called "Mr.," and not by their official titles, though in addressing them in writing these titles are always used. The surgeons, however, are usually called "Doctor," and paymasters of any grade "Paymaster."

Boat salutes are given by tossing oars, which means holding them upright in the air with the blades fore and aft; or by lying on oars, by which is meant holding the oars horizontal as they rest in the rowlocks. Coxswains of boats stand and salute when passing boats containing officers. All officers and men, whether in uniform or not, meeting a senior afloat or ashore, salute by touching the cap.

From "Ceremonies and Etiquette on a Man-of-War," by Lieut. Philip Andrews, U.S.N.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS

THROUGH THE ARCTIC NIGHT.

[Under the title "Northward over the 'Great Ice,'" Lieutenant Robert E. Peary presents, in two large volumes, a complete narrative of his adventures and explorations along the shores and upon the interior ice-cap of northern Greenland in the years 1886 and 1891-97. The work includes a description of the tribe of Smith-Sound Eskimos, the most northerly human beings in the world, and an account of the discovery and bringing home of the "Saviksue" or great Cape York meteorites. The publication is particularly timely, just as Lieutenant Peary is starting on fresh explorations which have for their ultimate purpose the reaching of the North Pole. Maps, diagrams and eight hundred illustrations enhance the value of the record. For permission to use the following extract, "The Living Age" is indebted to the publishers, the Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York.]

It was not easy at first for us to accustom ourselves to the absence of sunlight. By November 23d, there was really no difference indoors between day and night. Our lamps burned constantly through the twenty-four hours. Some of us often thought in the first few days, "Oh, we won't do this by lamplight, but we'll wait till to-morrow," forgetting that the morrow would bring no sun. Still, we did not find the darkness oppressive, which was fortunate, for we were not to have our darkest day for a month to come. The darkest day of winter would reach us about December 22d, and we would not see the sun again until about February 13th. At nine A. M. now, the dawn-light was very distinct over the cliffs back of the house, and at eleven o'clock the icebergs beyond the shadow of Cape Cleveland showed a pronounced light.

We had many reasons to be thankful for the good fortune that had thus far attended us, and I thought we could,

with peculiar propriety, observe the day that at home is set apart in recognition of our national and domestic blessings. The following proclamation, therefore, was issued at Red Cliff House on November 25th:—

"Thursday, November 26th, is hereby designated as Thanksgiving Day at Red Cliff House, and will be observed as such. The preservation of our isolated little party thus far in good health, a larder well stocked with game, and a house well fitted to keep its inmates comfortable in severest weather, are reasons for the day to be something more than a mere form to us.

R. E. Peary, U. S. N.

"Commanding North Greenland Expedition."

Thanksgiving Day, Mrs. Peary and I walked to Cape Cleveland to see as much as possible of the noon twilight. The temperature was $12\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit. It was light enough for comfortable walking, and when we reached the Cape, the southern horizon was all aglow.

On each side was the rosy light of dawn, and just over the channel between Herbert and Northumberland Islands hung the silver crescent moon.

In the evening, with the temperature outside at $16\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit, we sat down in our comfortable little cabin to a tempting Thanksgiving dinner of broiled guillemot dressed with green peas, a venison pie, hot biscuit, plum pudding with brandy sauce, apricot pandowdy, apple pie, pineapple, candy, coffee, whiskey cocktail and Rhine wine. The party all appeared in their civilized attire, though the gentlemen were not in dress-suits, a phase of costume that some of the newspapers at home had included in our equipment. Astrup's wardrobe was deficient in shirts and he improvised a shirt bosom from a towel. A silk flag was fastened over the table. Later our Eskimo friends shared in our good cheer, and

the boys and the natives amused themselves with games of strength until far into the evening.

December 1st found us in first-class condition, busy and content. As yet we had undergone no serious hardships. The month was ushered in with a brisk wind and a snow storm that lasted for twenty-four hours, half burying Red Cliff House in drifts. Indoors, however, we were burning but sixteen cans of coal, averaging one and three-quarters pounds each, in twenty-four hours. I do not know that any Arctic house was ever comfortably warmed before on so small an amount of fuel. The constant cry from the inmates was not "Shut the door!" but "Open the door!" Our little cabin was a great success, and under its shelter the fiercest blasts of the Arctic Storm King could not reach us.

Two auroras were seen on December 8th, and the moon was coming back to us again. After eleven days' absence, we saw her silver glow over the cliffs back of the Red Cliff House, and her light fell on the north shore of the bay. Two days later, she was with us again in full brilliancy.

On December 19th, we had drifting snow, and a strong wind that lasted all night until late the following afternoon. The wind drifted and packed the snow until it was almost as firm as marble. This I thought augured well for our sledging trip on the inland ice in the spring. On December 21st, we saw a brilliant meteor in the north-eastern sky, descending vertically, and a little later a meteor with red and green trail was seen over the cliffs back of the house, travelling west about half way to the zenith, and with a slight downward angle. December 21st was the shortest day of the year at home, and the boys gave three cheers by way of encouragement to the sun, which was now beginning to return to us.

Doctor Cook experimented with seal-oil lamps for melting ice with excellent results: and every day brought him other tasks, if indeed he did not have his hands full photographing and

measuring his "Huskies," as the boys familiarly called the natives, while Verhoeff, Gibson and myself built and put in commission a self-registering tide gauge which, on November 30th, was erected out in the dark and silent cold to record the resistless rise and fall of the Arctic Ocean. At this time, the thickness of the ice in the bay at the tide-gauge hole was twenty-six inches. When a light was shown at the hole, myriads of shrimps came to the surface, and as the light was turned away and the water stirred, phosphorescent flashes appeared.

Saturday was designated as general cleaning day. On that day, immediately after coffee, the stovepipe, stove and stove-hole were thoroughly cleaned. All bedding was then taken from the bunks, and when the weather permitted, carried outside to air. The entire room was overhauled, and the floor thoroughly swept. Every Saturday night each member of the party was required to take a bath.

On December 3d, I cut out the first sleeping-bag, and in a day "Daisy" (Megipsu) had it nearly finished. Verhoeff and I devoted ourselves to keeping the tide gauge in running order. The slope of the bottom was a little less than one inch per foot, and apparently the motion of the ice was more rapid here than it was at Fort Conger.

Red Cliff was sinking into a huge drift that almost buried it from view. On December 9th, my seamstress began work on the first deerskin *kooletah*, or jacket. The last skin in my stock had now been chewed, and all the skins were ready to be made up into garments. I completed a sledge December 17th.

We took a good deal of out-door exercise, practising on snow-shoes and ski, visiting the iceberg for ice, which was melted for the water we used, and attending to the fox-traps.

Astrup and I made two or three odometers, and these were used in measuring distances about Red Cliff.

The natives were coming and going all the while. My boys irreverently applied nicknames to quite a num-

ber of them. Three, for instance, were known as "The Priest," "The Villain," and "The Smiler," owing to physical peculiarities. The Villain, it should be said, was perfectly harmless. Then there was Ahningahnah (the moon), a poor, weak-minded fellow. These native gentlemen one day had an athletic contest with their white friends, which showed the members of my party to be superior to the Eskimos, both in strength and agility.

Megipsu and Annowkah, who early in the winter made a short visit to their home at Nerke, returned with a young girl named Tookumingwah. Megipsu told us that a bear had visited their hut and eaten one of their seals. Tookumingwah, whom we now saw for the first time, was a twelve-year old girl and one of the prettiest young women among the natives. Her father had recently been drowned by an *oogsook* (bearded seal). She went to work sewing under the guidance of "Daisy," and was married before we returned home.

We really had no time during the winter night to grow tired of the darkness or to weary of our surroundings. During the winter all the men of my party emulated one another in the effort to produce the best practical sledge. Modelling the sledges in a general way on the McClintock pattern, I found we could safely reduce the weight two-thirds or more. While McClintock's sledges weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds or more apiece, I found we could turn out sledges of an equal carrying capacity, weighing only thirty-five to forty-eight pounds. Experiments with sleeping-bags, too, resulted in a complete change of equipment in this respect. Our sleeping-bags were evolved from actual experience in sleeping out-of-doors during the winter night. My assistants entered heartily into the work of preparation. Each was eager to work, and all made suggestions of value. Every minute detail of our preparations was scanned, discussed and criticised. The activity of mind and expenditure of

physical energy which all this called for helped to keep us well in body and cheerful and sanguine in temper. We did a good deal of reading. I had a very complete Arctic library, and this was chiefly in demand. The fact that we were living under Arctic conditions whetted the appetite of my boys for records of Arctic exploration. All these books were eagerly devoured for the story they contained, the adventures they recorded, and the useful hints we might derive from them. Somehow we could not make our ideas of the country, the natives, the winter night, the cold, the storms or the hardships agree at all with those of some predecessors who had spent a season not very far from McCormick Bay. Viewed in the light of our own experience, some things we read seemed to us unjust, particularly in respect of the happy, simple-minded natives, with whom our relations were so friendly and who were so helpful to us: some things seemed exaggerated, and some, in spite of our willingness to believe, took on the aspect of pure romance.

Aside from our study of the natives, they afforded us considerable diversion. Ikwa, my chief Eskimo hunter, derived intense delight from imitating the sounds of our language, and his use of English was very amusing. Megipsu, or "Daisy," was particularly bright, and gave us much information as soon as we were able easily to exchange ideas with her.

Megipsu was the head seamstress by virtue of her superior skill and rapidity. Discarding her clumsy seal-skin thimble for one of American make, she deftly plied the shiny implement of her trade. Any garment of her manufacture was honestly made. The seams were warranted not to rip, and they were neatly made, the stitches being even and so close together than the thread entirely hid the skin beneath them. Tookumingwah, the twelve-year old beauty of the tribe, was also an industrious little seamstress. No thoughts of the coming matrimonial event, which was to

give her a walrus hunter and an igloo of her own, impaired her efficiency as assistant tailoress. Old Sairey Gamp's eyesight was none of the best, but we made her useful repairing garments, and other miscellaneous work; and her garrulity seemed to help beguile the hours of labor. Altogether I gave employment to seven seamstresses. The women had never heard of an eight-hour law, and cheerfully acquiesced when our necessities required them to sew from ten to twelve hours a day and even longer. It was the busiest winter they had ever spent, for, besides our sewing, they had the work of their own households to perform. Patches were needed on the garments of their husbands and little ones, and, though their culinary methods were not elaborate, food had to be prepared. Megipsu, "The Daisy," however, was my most regular and constant seamstress, and as she was with us nearly all the time, the larger part of the sewing was done by her.

My photographic work was confined during the darkness almost wholly to ethnological subjects. As soon as my Inuit friends began to come to us, we set about taking measurements and photographs of them. Doctor Cook, who had special charge of the ethnological researches, made anthropometrical measurements, during the winter, of seventy-five individuals, and I took a complete series of photographs of the same persons, comprising portraits and front, side and rear elevations in the nude, of each subject.

On one side of the stove, near the partition separating Mrs. Peary's apartment from the main room, I stationed myself to handle the camera. On the other side was Matt manipulating the flash-light. Doctor Cook would pose the subject at the other end of the room, and near at hand was a table at which he recorded his anthropological measurements.

It was interesting to observe the modesty both of the women and the men. They could not understand at first why I desired to take their pictures in a nude condition, and I am not

sure that they ever got a very clear idea of the matter. I told them that we wished to compare their bodies with those of other people in the world, and it was not long before some of them grasped the idea so far as to decide that our work was in the interest of a perfectly laudable and proper curiosity. At first, however, some of them asked Doctor Cook if I wanted the information he obtained for the purpose of making other people!

The flash-light work never failed to be a subject of lively gossip in the native community. All the fresh arrivals were told what was before them almost before they had unhitched their dogs, and as soon as a native was photographed, he would invariably tell of the experience to an admiring group, narrating every minute detail.

From "Northward over the 'Great Ice.'" By Robert E. Peary. Frederick A. Stokes Company, Publishers. 2 vols. Price \$6.50.

AT JANEY'S GRAVE.

Not a person had passed the grey old homestead from morning till night. And over by the west window lay Janey.

Early the next morning, although the cold continued, the wind had subsided, and the schoolmaster got ready to cut his way through to Klacs, four miles distant. The sole vehicle the estate possessed was a spring-wagon, and the horse, like the wagon, had grown decrepit with years. But there was much to be done. The little family huddled together in the door, anxiously watching his departure. A hundred rods away, and just beyond the bridge where the creek crossed from the upper half of the farm to the lower, the horse came to a standstill and the wheels sank in a drift, while the body of the wagon wedged into it as solidly as if it were a vast loaf of sugar.

The young man sprang out, his tall, slight form etched against the dazzling snow like a spot on the sun, and began

to shovel. When he was able to lead the horse slowly through the barrier, he waved his hat, and, without further difficulty, went on out of sight.

When Catherwood returned, late in the afternoon, there was something in the back of the wagon arresting Susanna's attention. It was carried up-stairs and uncovered, and the parlor was filled with the pungent odor of fresh varnish. A sickening sensation stole over the child.

She stood beside the schoolmaster, looking up into his face and appreciating some difference there; for there were lines about his mouth, and his deep eyes, though glancing kindly at her, wore an absent expression, making her miss the sense of personal sympathy.

She watched him uncover the top of the narrow box, standing on tiptoe and looking in, eagerly, when it was lifted. Her mother put a thin, trembling hand inside, feeling the bottom and the pillow, and turned aside weeping and saying, "It is too hard for my little Janey."

And then Susanna understood. She began to cry. Mrs. Dutton wiped her eyes, speaking consolingly to her, but the little girl, feeling tears dropping on her face, looked up. Her grandmother was crying too.

The next morning there was a thaw, and the sun shone with a warmth that seemed springlike after the bitter cold. The drifts began to sink and the slush became almost unfathomable.

Towards noon, Harry appeared. A little later a carriage was visible on the turnpike. The Rev. Dominicus Baltus was coming to make arrangements for the funeral the following day.

There still remained a duty for the schoolmaster to perform; for, on reaching Klacs, he had found the sexton in bed sleeping off a fit of drunkenness. Orders for the funeral had to be left with the man's wife, a dull, silent woman who asked questions with an interrogative grunt and answered them with an affirmative one or negative nod. But Catherwood

took the precaution to write Mrs. Dutton's wishes out in detail, and he began his return ride with the comfortable belief that these instructions would be carried out. No sexton having appeared, however, by that Monday afternoon, and no substitute, the young man, shovel and pick over his shoulder, stole away up the road. Crossing the bridge, he turned aside into the nearest field, making his way with some difficulty to the huckleberry knoll which formed a small promontory opposite the garden, but separated from it, now, by a roaring, turbulent flood.

The summit of the knoll was as exposed and dry as the surrounding land was wet. The sun was still two hours above the mountains, and long, golden beams filtered through the gracious, spreading branches of the pines, gently rocking and swaying like happy, comforting mothers. The schoolmaster felt possessed by a serene, consoling presence. It seemed as if the earth were rejoicing because she was again to receive bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh. And why should she not? she—the mother of all that is visible—of beautiful trees and waving grass and delicate flowers.

He began to turn up the shaly soil. It yielded readily, the frost not having had time to go far below the surface. As the grave deepened, the reddish shale, so light and dry, caught the unbroken sunlight, and, in the revealing glow, looked so clean, so naturally free from suggestion of decay or damp, that the knoll appeared imbued with the very spirit of Janey's daintiness and beauty.

When the little tomb was completed, the teacher rested on the handle of his spade. He could see the attic window which the loom overlooked. The window was up, and on the sill leaned Susanna. She was wrapped in a big shawl, but her head was bare, and at that distance he could perceive her hair blowing back from her temples. There was something pathetic in the way she was straining forward.

His was a tender, large nature, and

he feared lest the severe conditions of life about her, sturdy as she was, would invest Janey's translation with needless gloom. Throwing down his tool, and waving his hand to her, he hastened to the house. She was in the door as he approached.

"Get your bonnet, Susanna."

She ran in, coming back in an instant.

"Jump on my back, for I want to carry you to the beautiful spot where Janey's little body is going to be kept."

As she sprang up, clasping her hands so tightly around his neck that she almost choked him, he noticed how hot and dry they were. In what strange, gruesome ways, forgotten by older people, might she not be suffering.

"Don't the pine trees look cheery and sheltering, Susanna? I would like to sleep summer and winter where I could hear the voices in them, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I love them. Do you see that little one bending over to the creek and back over to the knoll? It's my tree. I sit in the top of it in the summer."

"Beautiful! It is right under your tree that Janey is going to rest."

"Is it?" she exclaimed brightly. "I think she will like it there—only—Janey is always—so 'fraid—nights!"

"She won't be afraid any more. And only a part of Janey will be there—the part that can't get hurt, that can't get lonesome, or feel cold or too hot. In some way, just what way I can't tell, the part of Janey that made her put her arms around you and play with you, and tell us all, over and over, how much she loved us—that part of Janey is with God."

"Yes—but—how did part of her get there?"

"I don't know. I only know that what I tell you is true." The deep conviction in his voice satisfied her.

And now, having entered the field leading to the knoll, he stopped talking, knowing that she must adapt for herself the first sight of the grave.

As soon as they reached the dry earth, she slid down to her feet. Tak-

ing her hand, he gently led her forward.

They came to the grave just as the sun flooded the entire space under the trees. In contrast with their sombre green and the snow, the warm color of the earth and the glimmering red carpet of pine needles made the spot look cheerful and protected.

"I prepared the grave for our dear little Janey."

"Have you been down in that deep hole?"

"Yes, and I couldn't help noticing how blue the sky was as I looked up through the trees. I think it would be nice if we took a quantity of the pine needles and covered the bottom over. If Janey should be able to see us from heaven, and perhaps she does, she would like it because we made it look pretty. She was so fond of pretty things."

Susanna ran hither and thither under the trees, scraping the needles together.

"I'll tell you a better way," said the schoolmaster, eagerly, and as if the idea would be sure to please her. "I have a shovel here, as you see, and if you would let me put you in the grave, you could spread the needles on the bottom as I threw them in."

The proposition seemed a daring one to him, and he waited with some curiosity for her reply.

She looked in. It was deep and dark. Then she gazed into his eyes with a child's large confidence, and assented.

Leaning over the edge, he lowered her nearly to the bottom, letting her drop gently on her feet.

There was a passing, scared expression on her face as she looked up. A lump came into his throat as he saw the love and trust illuminating her features.

The next instant, he threw a shovelful of the needles in, and she became so busy, making a thick, even bed, that presently she had no thought of anything but completing it to her satisfaction.

When it was done, the schoolmaster knelt and lifted her out. She turned

and looked at the shining, red bottom, and now that she had been there, and had come forth, it possessed no mystery or terror.

Breaking off some of the young, thick branches from the pines, he gave her an armful to carry, and brought others himself. He lined the grave, Susanna handing him each branch, and, at the very last, he placed at the head the largest and most luxuriant one of all, broken from her own tree.

The shadows were gathering when the task was completed, but the grave looked so sheltered and green, and, far down, the soft bottom so dry and warm, that the child stood gazing at it all as if she had long been familiar with such scenes.

Many had expected to hear much of the terrors of death and the nearness of judgment from the dominie, but, instead, he led them on that winter day forth into green fields and in sight of the tender shepherd; and there were words of comfort for the stricken and a balm of hope for the aged; and childhood in its helplessness, and motherhood in its sacredness, were set before them as the precious things of life, and they were brought to see the home-coming of a little child to the bosom of eternal love as something too joyful and beautiful for interpretation, but reasonable for belief and consoling bereavement.

And then again, there was a silence—broken only by the weeping, occasioned by the sight of little Janey, on whom mortality thus far had set no other seal than that of a sweet sleep.

From "The Gray House of the Quarries." By Mary Harriott Norris. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. Price \$1.50.

IN MODERN ATHENS.

Athens is not a city of magnificent distances: it does not take long to measure it off with wheels or shoe-leather. The difficulty is to keep mentally in the nineteenth century and in the Athens

of to-day. You are almost sure to wander off into the Athens of yesterday and the day before. You start feeling that you are contemporaneous with yourself and with everybody else whom you meet, but you have not walked long before you begin to ask yourself whether you are not really contemporaneous with some of your distinguished and immortal ancestors. Are you living your life backwards? Has the clock begun to go the other way, or is it ticking both ways at once? Is this the present, or is it the past? Or are both throbbing together? Chronology seems to have lost its sequence, to have become an eddying whirl of repetitions and contradictions.

There would be no illusion, no disturbance of your sense of identity, if you were in a city wholly of ruins, like Pompeii, and devoid of any life of to-day. Then you might hold yourself aloof and view it as a spectator across the gulf of centuries. Or if you dreamed yourself back into it and imagined that you were the sole surviving Roman citizen, your dream would not be interrupted by nineteenth century contradictions and interpolations. There are places in Greece where you may have this experience, but in Athens your impressions cannot be kept so distinct. You are not visiting a mass of inert ruins. The new Athens, with its horse cars, steam trams, electric lights, clean white buildings and spacious squares, is so incisively modern and progressive that there is no doubt that you are living in your own day. The curious thing is that though the nineteenth century is alive, the centuries which have preceded it do not seem to be dead. The past and the present interchange their emphasis, and are moving together in the same procession of events.

This chronological tangle comes not from dead stones, but from live people. Much of the double impression on your consciousness is made through the language and through your education in regard to it. You have been taught that this old language was dead and buried, but here are living people talk-

ing it as if it were just as much alive as your own. The newsboys are hawking papers through the streets. That is a familiar modern experience, but the names, *Ἀκρόπολις*, *Ἄστυ*, *Καίτοι*, are curiously ancient, and when you buy them and undertake to get the news of the day, you find yourself in a morass of Homeric, Xenophontine, Hellenistic, medieval or later Greek words. The older the style, the better you understand it. Here is a vocabulary, the growth of centuries. It is not a fusion of old words in a modern crucible; it is not philological junk. The old words have not lost their vitality of form or meaning; they are simply put together in a different way. Even when clipped and elided, you find the old roots. Like the gardener's bulbs, they are constantly bursting into new bloom. Nothing is more curious at first than to find modern thought and events expressed in such archaic forms. These are not make-believe newspapers. The people are reading them. You step into the Boulé and hear legislative debates in the same tongue. You have been used, however, to studying Greek with the eye, not with the ear, and at first the modern pronunciation is so strange that the language seems more barbarian than Greek. When accent and emphasis have become as familiar to the ear as the characters are to the eye, then the old Greek seems to be exuberantly alive, and after you have heard a finished oration by Trikoupes, a sermon by the archbishop, a harangue by a carnival comedian in the Agora, a recitation in the school, you become so thoroughly Hellenized, and so saturated with antiquity, that you would not be surprised to meet Socrates in the Agora, Paul upon the Areopagus, Pericles coming down from the Acropolis, or to happen on Diogenes packed in his tub.

In a corner of the Odeion of Herodes Atticus is an enormous earthenware wine jar, a vessel which still goes by its ancient name of *πίθος*. One day, as Professor Dörpfeld was concluding his lecture to a group of archaeologists in the ruins of the old theatre, they were

suddenly startled by seeing a head thrust out of the jar, which lay on its side. Then shoulders, body and legs slowly emerged. Inquiry showed that a half-witted man, driven about by the persecutions of a rabble of boys, had taken refuge in the old wine jar, and had lived there most of the time for two weeks. A kind woman had brought him food and covered the mouth of the jar with a curtain. The poor wretch sadly lacked the wisdom of Diogenes and was more in need of merciful than of honest men. This modern Greek duplication of the life of the old cynic I offer in evidence against the skepticism of those who maintain that the philosopher could not have found a jar big enough to live in; and I have no doubt that if we could have got at the philosophy of this second Diogenes we should have found it sufficiently cynical.

It is in this way that old customs, words, ideas and traditions keep popping up and emerging from the human pottery in which they have been bottled. When you examine them you find that they are not dead; they have not even been hermetically sealed; though a little wrinkled or a trifle rheumatic, they are living and breathing and frequently venture out in public.

Diogenes or not, you will not get very far in Athens before you meet more congenial notabilities. There, for example, coming down the steps of the American Legation, is Alcibiades. He is tall, handsome, with black curly hair and dark eyes, genial in manner and with a perpetual smile on his dark face. He has an accomplishment which he did not possess twenty-three hundred years ago. He can speak French and English as well as Greek. He does not concern himself nowadays with Sparta or Sicily; he does not get drunk with his young friends and deface the statues of Hermes at Athens. He will never be tried for impiety. He is the young and faithful interpreter at the American Legation, and is soon to try his fortunes in the new world. No one would take him to be twenty-three hun-

dred years old. Then there is Constantine. Just by what sign he is conquering I do not know, but by the sign of the drachma or the dollar, I suppose. Strange to say, Constantine is a brother of Alcibiades, and it is likewise surprising to learn that they are both brothers to Miltiades, who has given up soldiering and is devoting himself to the arts of peace. Themistocles is not the secretary of the navy, as he ought to be, and he would not advise Athens in these days to depend upon "wooden walls" when every other nation is using ironclads. Leonidas, his brother, no longer guards the pass of Thermopylae, but is hurling lightning with the Morse telegraph. As for Alexander, who is the brother of all the rest, he is not hunting men or beasts in Asia Minor, nor is he standing in front of the tub of Diogenes. He is an Athenian schoolboy riding, not Bucephalus, but a bicycle. *Voilà!* Alcibiades, Constantine, Miltiades, Themistocles, Leonidas, Emmanuel, Nicolas, Alexander—eight brothers bearing the name, if not the fame of statesmen and heroes! May some modern Plutarch write their lives. The single concession made to Hebrew and Christian nomenclature in the name Emmanuel, which breaks the set, shows that the parents value piety more than symmetry.

This revival of ancient names is one expression of Greek patriotism, and some of these boys well deserve their heroic names. It all helps, however, to confuse the chronology, as when Demosthenes sent me a basket of fruit by the hands of still another Leonidas; and it was another Alexander—Alexander the Little—who used to read stories to me in modern Greek.

Of course the heroes and poets are honored in the names of the streets, and this veneration is even accorded to the gods. There is Homer Street, and I was not quite happy until I had taken my residence upon it; Solon Street, Hermes Street, and streets named after Æsculapius, Hippocrates, Athene, Constantine, Menander, Phillip, Theæus, Euripides, Praxiteles, Thucydides,

Aphrodite, Ares, Pan, Hebe, Hephaestus, Pericles, Apollo, Thrasybulus, and one named after the Holy Apostles, though none that I remember named after the Virgin or the Holy Ghost, as in France and Germany. The gods might be jealous enough if they compared the streets named after them with their own pretensions to youth, cleanliness and beauty. Some of these streets are so narrow and insignificant that it may be a grave question whether the gods were not slandered by the compliment. The Christian saints are not wholly forgotten, but the nomenclature of paganism is prevalent, and one might conjecture that the gods had left Olympus and come down to dwell with Athene in her beloved city. Is there not a hotel dedicated to Athene and one to Poseidon?

From "The Isles and Shrines of Greece." By Samuel J. Barrows. Roberts Brothers, Publishers. Price \$2.00.

ON THE CAPE COD MARSHES.

Not only had the malachite green paled and faded through the August days, but the serried clouds had closed their ranks and an intermittent rain dripped from the overhanging boughs and washed the faces of the asters as the wanderers passed through the thick woods that led to the edge of the sea. For at last Doto was to sit upon the very verge and rest her eyes in a gaze that should seem to lose itself in the infinite. There was no suggestion of either ocean or marsh as yet. Grey trees, grey underbrush about them, beneath them, above them, almost to the exclusion of the grey sky. The cloudiness, which was half mist, half rain, hung in the tops of the trees and veiled the vistas of the forest. Only the soft purple of the aster bloomed along the shadowy path. The road was overgrown almost to impassibility—it was as if there were no outlet—no past and no future. The branches, swept rudely aside by the carriage, sprang together behind it; the damp-

ness muffled the woodland sounds, the curtain of its greyness never lifted save upon the same scene of hoary tree-trunks and dripping leaves.

"How nice it is that we are not obliged to keep up the conversation," said Doto. There was something peculiarly affecting in this expression of relief, coming as it did from Doto.

"But you said the other day that conversation is always better than silence," objected Kallianassa.

"In general society," amended Doto quickly. "It is. But we've come away from general society, and we don't have to speak in order that the rest shall know what we mean."

"I suppose," said Amathyla, "we are very apt to speak in order that the rest shall not know what we mean."

"It depends on the class that you are speaking to," said Dynamine. "People for me are divided into three classes: the first those to whom you may as well say what you mean, because they won't know whether you do or not; the second that you don't say what you mean to, because they will know and will not understand; and the third delightful class to whom you can say what you really mean, because they will know and will understand."

"And would rather you would and will say it back," said Doto.

"Yes: of course, one spends much time with the first two classes, but to be a door-keeper in the tents of the third makes up for a good deal. I don't wish to speak arrogantly," she went on. "I've no doubt that the first and second kinds belong with the third for other people, but they don't for me. I've simply made the classification for my own convenience."

"It bores me a good deal," said Melite, "to have to talk to these people that you have to resuscitate first. I always think of the emergency lectures—'put a pin through the tongue if absolutely necessary.'"

"Yes, they are quite hopeless," said Kallianassa. "But, do you know, I've sometimes fancied that they can't think of anything to say."

"Oh, if it's cerebral, of course—"

"That's no excuse," interrupted Doto. They ought not to go into society until they can think of one little thing to say."

"But society must have listeners," said Doris, with what the newspapers call timeliness.

"Perhaps. But suppose we were all listeners. We would all like to be listeners!" she asseverated with conviction, glancing confidently about. She faltered as she met Doris' eyes, flinched at Dynamine's gaze, averted hers from Kallianassa's, and dropped it before Melite's. "At least," she concluded, "there are times when we would like to be."

"I am willing to do my share of talking," said Dynamine, "but what I object to is other people, out of sheer laziness, rolling the burden of conversation on to my, or any other sensitive person's, shoulders, while they sit back and say to themselves how much more gracefully they could carry it."

"Yes," said Doto, "and thinking that it is easy for you to talk and they may as well let you do it!"

"While you are breathlessly reviewing your past like a drowning man," said Melite, "in order to think of something to say!"

"And they know," went on Doris, "that if it comes to making a stand, they can bear the silence that is stagnation longer than you can!"

Such prevailing unanimity spoke of a stormy past—it was evident that they had all suffered.

"I have sat at tables," said Doto, "where my neighbors might have been statues of Memnon, except that they didn't speak even when the sun shone on them, and yet I have known that if I was a statue of Memnon too, they would think me an inadequate person, and my hostess would blame me for not helping her out. There is an injustice there that cries aloud for redress."

"If anything at such a time would cry aloud for anything it would be a relief," said Dynamine. "And when you come down to it," she added, "I cannot see why such people should feel

that Providence has appointed me to go on a mission any more than them."

"Certainly it is always possible to think of something," said Amathya. "I think they will not speak because they can't think of an epigram."

"Or an apothegm," said Melite. "I do not know an apothegm when I see it, but I fancy that is what they are waiting to think of while my mouth is parching and my eyes are turning in, to make them a holiday."

"There is always the weather," said Doris, "a legitimate and natural and unjustly-sneered-at subject."

"But how hard to be interesting about the weather," said Kallianassa.

"We don't ask people to be interesting," said Melite; "we only ask them to be articulate."

"The weather is an excellent subject," persisted Doris, stoutly. "It is not making bricks without straw—though of course there are those who can make something out of nothing."

"Oh, yes," said Kallianassa, with a flash of her characteristic divination, "but there are so many more who can make nothing out of something!"

The woods were growing thinner in front of them, and before they had time to realize that the wavering opaqueness that they caught between the tree trunks was not that of the sky, they emerged upon the sand of the shore itself. The rain had ceased for the moment, and the mist was drifting over the face of the heavens. The unbroken waters of the ocean stretched from the horizon line to gently bathe the shingle at their feet. The transition was startling, from the cribbed, cabined and confined ways of the overgrown and undergrown wood to the illimitable vastness of the "unharvested sea." Here was no murmuring river bearing a message from the bosom of its mighty mother, no dim and distant suggestion of space and freedom—it was the might and space and freedom before our very eyes, and their breath was in our nostrils.

"Where shall we build our tabernacles, Doto?" asked Dynamine.

"Nantucket is over there," said Melite. "We cannot quite catch its outline in the haze."

"I can fancy that I do as long as no one offers me a spy-glass," said Kallianassa, her eyes lingering on the horizon. "I have never seen anything through a spy-glass except round, dancing spots of light. But I always say that I see whatever it is—anthropophagi or anything—because people keep showing it to you until you do. I say 'Oh, yes, I see it now'—and then I hope to be forgiven."

"When I went to Nantucket," said Dynamine, "it seemed to me there must be disadvantages in living so far from everywhere. But I soon saw how provincial my ideas had been. The people don't live far away from things any more than we do. They have no particular use for what it pleases us to call the mainland. Suddenly I realized that it is just as satisfactory to live, die and be buried on the island of Nantucket as the island of America."

"The only thing in circumstances we really fret against," said Doto, "is being able to see all around our human lot, as it were. To see its boundaries so clearly that we know that there is no chance of escape into the unknown, but the possible."

But it was not only the ocean they had come to see. A turn to the right, out of the woods that grew so close to the water's line of foam, and again a wide plain unrolled itself before them, not in tumbling grey and white, but in a still, smooth, green sward, over which a misty serenity brooded, and upon the confines of which the pearl color of the sky fell like a diaphanous curtain. It was so wide and so harmonious that, as they drove over the treacherous ground with its quaking pools of salt water, it was like entering a beautiful, opalescent world, where the dramatic contrasts of life had given place to an unbroken peace.

From "A Cape Cod Week." By Annie Eliot Trumbull. A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.00.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Admiral, The: A Romance of Nelson in the Year of the Nile. By Douglas Sladen. Hutchinson & Co., Publishers.
- Adventures of the Comte de la Muette During the Reign of Terror. By Bernard Capes. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers.
- Alaska, Through the Gold Field of, to Behring Straits. By Harryde Windt, F. R. G. S. Chatto & Windus, Publishers.
- Ambition of Judith, The. By Olive Birrell. Smith, Elder & Co., Publishers.
- Arctic Glaciers, With Ski and Sledge over. By Sir Samuel Martin Conway, M. A. J. M. Dent & Co., Publishers.
- Ashanti and Jaman, Travels and Life in. By R. Austin Freeman. Archibald Constable & Co., Publishers.
- Benson, Archbishop, The Life-Work of. By J. A. Carr, LL. D. Elliot Stock, Publisher.
- Cape Cod Week, A. By Annie Elliot Trumbull. A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.
- Christ in the Daily Meal: Or, The Ordinance of the Breaking of Bread. By Norman Fox, D. D. Price 50 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, Publishers.
- Cid Ballads, The, and Other Poems and Translations from Spanish and German. By the late James Young Gibson. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Publishers.
- "Don't Worry" Nuggets: Bits of Ore Gathered from Rich Mines. By Jeanne G. Pennington. Price 40 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, Publishers.
- Eastern Question in the Eighteenth Century, The. By Albert Sorel. Methuen & Co., Publishers.
- Egypt in 1898. By G. W. Steevens. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers.
- Empire and the Papacy, The: A. D. 918-1273. By T. F. Tout, M. A. Rivingtons, Publishers.
- Epic of Sounds, The: An Elementary Interpretation of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring. By Freda Wentworth. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.: Novello, Ewer & Co., Publishers.
- Gainsborough, Thomas. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. Bell & Sons, Publishers.
- Gray House of the Quarries, The. By Mary Harriott Norris. Price \$1.50. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Publishers.
- Ireland—'98 to '98. By Judge O'Connor Morris. Innes & Co., Publishers.
- Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. Cassell & Co., Publishers.
- Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Painter (James Northcote). By Stephen Gwynn, T. Fisher Unwin, Publisher.
- Montaigne, Michel de: A Biographical Study. By M. E. Lowndes. Cambridge University Press.
- Northward Over the Great Ice: A Narrative of Life and Work Along the Shores and Upon the Interior Ice-Cap of Northern Greenland in the Years 1886 and 1891-97. By Robert E. Peary, Civil Engineer, U. S. N. In Two Volumes, with maps, diagrams and about eight hundred illustrations. Price \$6.50. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, Publishers.
- Perugia, The Story of. By Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon. J. M. Dent & Co., Publishers.
- Reign of Terror, The: A Collection of Authentic Narratives of the Horrors Committed by the Revolutionary Government of France. Translated from the French. Leonard Smithers, Publisher.
- Shore, Emily, Journal of. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Publishers.
- Songs of Action. By Conan Doyle. Smith, Elder & Co., Publishers.
- South American Sketches. By Robert Crawford, M. A. Longmans, Publishers.
- Talmud, The School System of. By the Rev. B. Spiers (Dayan). Elliot Stock, Publisher.
- Tibet, Through Unknown. By Captain M. S. Welley. T. Fisher Unwin, Publisher.
- Un Peu De Tout: A Complete School or Private Preparation of French. By F. Julien. Price 75 cents. William R. Jenkins, Publisher.
- Versions from Hafiz: An Essay in Persian Metre. By Walter Lear. Grant Richards, Publisher.
- Widow's Tale, A, and Other Stories. By Mrs. Oliphant. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers.

